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MIA CARA, MIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD COLEMAN.

Carissima, couldst doubt my love?
What can I, then, my truth to prove?
Alas! I can but say, sweet one,
Without *thy* love my life were done,
Mia cara, mia.

Hast failed to mark my speaking eye,
Love laden, sweet, when thou art by;
Or noted not the changeful hue
O'erspread my cheek on seeing you?
Mia cara, mia.

Sweetheart, these cannot counterfeit—
The *soul* speaks in mine eye's love-light,
And varying hue; they'll ne'er deceive thee—
Love's emblems, dearest, ah! believe me,
Mia cara, mia.

Oh couldst thou read this faithful heart,
Grief racked, from thee so soon to part,
Thou'dst know 'tis true love's sacred throne,
And beats with life for thee alone,
Mia cara, mia.

Farewell; thrice, thrice farewell, dear love;
Relentless Time doth onward move;
His flight my constant soul alarms,
For I must quit thy circling arms,
Mia cara, mia.

But oh! my poor, love-laden breast,
Is with a thousand fears oppress;
At beauty's shrine thy suitors gay,
But think of him who's far away,
Mia cara, mia.

And should thy heart assailed be
By wealth or smooth-tongued flattery,
Think of another absent heart
That pines, dear maid, from thee apart,
Mia cara, mia.

At the sweet decline of day,
When thoughts of love bear potent sway,
Oh, gaze upon that beauteous star
Whose beam first greets the eve afar,
Mia cara, mia.

We both will gaze with thought of love
Upon that glittering gem above;
So shall our hearts 'neath that sweet light,
Tho' distant far, in thought unite!
Mia cara, mia.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE FIRST.

THE POST-MORTEM MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER V.

A WOMAN'S TREACHERY.

"And thou, false one, couldst smile,
And yet plot baseness such as this!"

The church clocks were striking ten upon the night succeeding the events of the last chapter, when a woman's figure might have been observed hurrying across Westminster Bridge.

The night was bitterly cold, and wild, and windy, and there were few people about in the streets. Those few who were compelled to be abroad were hasting onwards, seemingly bent only on seeking shelter from the biting blast. Besides, there were of course to be found the ordinary dismal selection of ragged, houseless wretches who had no home to go to, and at best were bound only on a half-despairing search for some cold arch, or doorless hovel, in which they could hide away themselves and their naked misery from the prying gaze of the pitiless custodians of the night.

Half-way across the bridge the woman slackened her pace, and looked eagerly about her, as though in quest of some person with whom she had an appointment. After pausing there and waiting a moment, she went on again, though at a slower pace, and having crossed the bridge, turned and retraced her steps.

Beneath, the river flowed black and silent, relieved only by the dim lights on the banks, and on the lighters moored off the different wharves. The irregularly-shaped buildings on either side of the water rose dull and heavy from the dense mass of roofs and gables, but all beyond merged into an indistinct black mass of earth and sky.

Once more she reached the centre of the bridge, and once more turned and slowly paced its length, and then the half-hour chimed from the church clocks, when the woman caught sight of a man's tall figure rapidly approaching.

"Esther!"

"Deverel! You are late."

"Yes; I was afraid you would be tired of waiting."

"I could hardly have waited much longer, but I wanted to know why you sent for me; you thought I would come, I suppose?"

"Yes, I thought so—for the sake of old times."

Her coal-black eyes flashed out of her white face, and her thin lips were for a moment contracted with either pain or rage, but she made no reply for a while. Presently, however, she said:—

"What have you to say to me? Are we to have it here?"

"No; it's too public. Come down these steps; they run to the water, don't they? We shall be quiet enough there, and able to say what we have got to say without fear of interruption. Where is that ruffian to-night?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Who should I mean? You know well enough; your husband, if you like that better—the Savage, as they call him. Is he safe at home?"

"He is safe enough. He was in a job last night that went wrong; and he's wanted. He's in hiding."

"Wanted, is he? All the better."

They slowly descended the long flight of stone steps leading down to the water's edge, without exchanging any further conversation, and did not pause until they had reached the lowest step. Then even Deverel, seemingly suspicious of the presence of some unseen eavesdropper lurking near them in the dark, told his story in a low, earnest tone, more than once ensuring his listener's attention by forcible pressure of his iron fingers on her wrist, and talking on with passionate eagerness.

It would have been a strange sight, had any one been there, to see the woman raise aloft her arms, and, covering her face, tremble with deep emotion. What was he asking her? What chord in her unfathomable heart had he touched to make her at last turn towards him with an impatient stamp of her foot, and say:—

"I will, then, if it must be so. How can I help myself if you so will it?"

"It is for the best," he replied, with a quiet smile. "I knew you were a sensible woman, and that my arguments would not be thrown away; there is no help for it, too. Your life would not be worth an hour's purchase if the scoundrel were at large. Besides, he must have done enough, a thousand times and more, to make you hate him; and now is the time to be revenged safely."

"Safely!"

She looked at him with a strange smile.

"I shall never be safe until he is dead," she said.

"Ah," replied Deverel, "then it's a pity—"

"What?"

"No matter, he will be safe enough, I warrant, when the irons are on his legs. Will you go at once?"

"Is it not too late to-night?"

"Too late! It will be too late if you do not go. All depends upon you. Come, you are not going to be faint-hearted?"

"I faint-hearted! I thought you knew me better. I was half determined on it before I saw you. Come."

"I won't go to the police office with you; I don't care about the inside of those places. Besides, I have nothing to say, and can be of no good. We will both go as far as the door in a cab."

* * * * * * * * *

The inspector on duty at Bow street, a hard-featured, solemn looking man, with close cropped whiskers, sat grimly in his gas-lit box, with a large book of loose leaves open before him, and a mass of books and papers around. It was past one o'clock, and he had had a busy time of it since he began work at nine, and he was beginning to grow weary.

There must have been some mightily amusing reading in that volume on which his tired hand rested, for in it were to be found the details of the charges brought before him since his duties began for the night.

There had been a row in a court out of Drury Lane among the low Irish there residing, and several inebriated Hibernians were then languishing in the cells with broken heads, which at intervals they deplored loudly.

There had been a case of wife-beating, in which a woman with a bruised and bleeding face had given reluctant evidence against the ruffian who had knocked her down and kicked her, and who, when locked up, vowed vengeance on his release, promising how he would "do for her" when he got out again.

There had been several unhappy little ragged urchins—match-sellers and the like—who had obstructed the thoroughfare, and refused to move on. It is a way they have, these miserable little bags of bones; they are always obstructing, and always in the way, but Heaven only knows where they are to move on to when they make a start. In the meantime they move into jail, and so on to the hulks and suchlike.

There had also been some thieves from Charles street, several cases of drunken brawlers, one case of drunk and incapable—an old gentleman this, coming from a City dinner—and many other people who had got into trouble, and whose affairs had to be managed for them; and by the time the inspector had got thus far in his night's work he was weary.

"There's lots more coming though, I suppose," he said to the sergeant, as with a yawn he laid down his pen.

"Plenty more I should think," replied the sergeant. "The night's young as yet."

And before the words were well out of his mouth, the door opened, and a tall woman dressed in black made her appearance. She went straight towards the inspector, who regarded her coldly, evincing no curiosity or interest.

"I wish to give some information," she said in a low tone, which trembled very slightly.

"Yes."

He dipped his pen in the ink and waited for her to go on.

"There was a robbery committed last night at a watchmaker's in the Strand."

With a little more show of interest the inspector dipped his pen again in the ink.

"Yes; what of it? Do you know anything of the business?"

"Everything. It was planned in my presence."

"What do you say? Stop a minute! I'll take down your information in proper form. Who are you?"

"My name is Esther Hudson."

"Hudson! What, the Savage's wife?"

The inspector was quite excited by this time, and the other policemen crowded round.

"Joe Hudson is my husband's name; some people call him the Savage."

"Not without reason, if a half-quarter of the tales they tell of him are true."

"Hudson," continued the woman, without heeding this remark, "is suspected of having taken part in this robbery."

"Strongly suspected. He left his name behind him in his workmanship as plainly as though he had written it in chalk upon the wall."

"And you have been searching for him in his usual haunts."

"We are searching for him now."

"It will be waste of time. He is safely hidden, and only I can show you the place."

"And you will do this?"

"I will."

The inspector took the sergeant on one side and consulted with him for some minutes in a low whisper.

"Will it be easy to take him?" he asked, presently. "Where's the place? Give us full particulars."

She did as desired, but the particulars, when given, did not seem to be of a very encouraging nature, and the grim faced inspector looked grimmer than ever as he listened. At length, however, after a long consultation, the necessary arrangements were made.

"We are wasting valuable time," said the woman at last; "had we not better start?"

"I think so."

"Who will go with me?"

"How many do you want? Will four men do?"

"Four good ones."

"You may depend on that."

"And armed?"

"To the teeth if you wish it."

"He has not got the name of Savage for nothing, that's all."

"We'll manage him among us it is to be hoped."

Two cabs were brought to the door, and in three minutes more they had started upon their expedition, Esther riding with the inspector, who had joined the party, and three other policemen following in the other cab.

Once on the way, the woman fell into a deep silence, and, sitting as much as possible apart from her companion, drew her shawl around her, folded her hands and seemed lost in thought.

The street-lamps as they passed flung a fitful light upon her motionless white face, and her dark eyes fixed on vacancy, and the police officer, taking stealthy side-long glances at it, wondered what thoughts could be passing in her mind, and what cause of offence had been given her by the man she had betrayed.

"It's a ticklish game she's playing," he thought to himself, "and if we don't box the Savage up pretty tightly he'll murder her if he finds her out, as sure as there is a heaven above us."

CHAPTER VI.

THE TIGER IN HIS LAIR.

"Hold back the hounds! It were not safe
To loose them yet, till we make sure
What's crouching yonder."

Taking the road on the left close to what used to be the old Hammersmith turnpike, the pedestrian, after proceeding some distance and bearing to the right, will find himself in an apparently desolate and deserted locality, which seems strangely neglected, lying as it does so near to the busy haunts of men.

At the period of this story it was, however, more lonely than now, for a few years have wrought wonderful changes even in that neighborhood, though not to the same extent as in the other suburbs of London.

The nearest inhabited portion of this locality is to this day very solitary and quiet; long lanes, so narrow that only foot passengers could pass through them, and formed by high brick walls; behind these walls quaint old gardens crowded by rich luxuriant foliage, and rare old trees, the boughs of which oftentimes stretch across the road; worm-eaten old wooden gates, thickly studded with rusty nails; and here and there a glimpse obtainable of some old-fashioned Queen-Anne style of house, with its high pitched roof and small-paned windows.

At the time of my story, just beyond this part of Fulham, out in the fields, on the south of what was then and is still known as Deadman's lane, stood an ancient and dilapidated building with so ruinous and melancholy an aspect that one could scarcely help thinking it must be lying under some fearful curse. Old age and bad weather had done their worst with it, and but few efforts seemed to have been made for many years past to repair the ravages which they had effected in it.

Almost all the glass had been broken from the windows, which were mere frames of decayed and blackened wood. The bricks were disjointed and crumbling, and in some places even the walls had been riven through their entire structure.

Upon the iron railings surrounding what had once been a courtyard, but was now a dreary waste of rank and noxious vegetation, rusted padlocks were still hanging, but some of the rails had been broken away, and part of the wall to which they were joined had fallen down, so that their fastenings were now but a mockery. Inside this building things were, if possible, in a yet more deplorable condition. Many of the ceilings had fallen down, and there were hideous gaps in the roof, through which the rain poured heavily.

The boards of the floor had rotted from their joists, and every step threatened to precipitate the person who might be sufficiently venturesome to make the expedition down into the cellars below. The staircase had fallen away, and the steps, one by one, tumbling after one another, lay in a confused mass in the passages below. Yet one or two loose pieces of wood connected with the structure still clung insecurely to rotten nails high overhead and flattered in every breath of air.

Several of the heavy old turreted chimneys had been blown down in stormy weather, and had come crushing through the roof, causing the gaps already alluded to; and the upper part of the house was so cold and miserable that the rats, of which there were a tolerable swarm, held their revels down in the cellars and avoided the upstairs rooms altogether. But a human rat had there taken up his abode, as will be seen.

About a hundred yards from this ruinous edifice the first cab stopped, and the woman and the police proceeded onwards on foot.

"Is his hiding place hereabouts?" the inspector asked, looking doubtfully across the dreary country.

"It is close at hand."

"Ah, over in the house yonder, I suppose. A queer sort of house to roost in."

"A queer sort of bird," the woman made answer; "and a wakeful one. It would not have been safe for us to venture much nearer, or the sound of the wheels might have startled him. He only sleeps with one eye at a time."

"You are to go first, then?"

"And you must follow, but must not show before I give you the signal."

"And you are to clip the wild beast's claws, meanwhile—to take his arms away from him, that is—or we mayn't be able to take him alive, and that would be a pity."

The woman laughed, a low sneering laugh.

"That's true enough," she said; "he'd not leave many of you alive if he had his revolver handy when you first showed yourselves."

"I suppose I'm as brave as most men," retorted the inspector with some warmth.

"I do not doubt you. You would not have elected to have come out on this night's work had you been a coward. Stop a minute."

As she spoke she made a sudden snatch at his hand, and held it for a moment motionless while she gazed steadfastly into his face.

"At any rate you do not tremble," she said.

The inspector smiled grimly, as was his wont.

"You too have a steady nerve, madam, and you have more want of coolness in this business than I have."

A savage gleam lit up the woman's eyes as she answered:

"I know very well what danger I am running, and how near death I shall be; but I have been as near or nearer before to-night; and whatever danger might be in store for me, do you not think I would willingly face it to have my vengeance?"

The inspector smiled more grimly than ever.

"It was always so," he thought; "what would we policeman do if it were not for Jack quarrelling with Jill, and Jill selling him?"

It was agreed that the cab should be left about fifty yards from the house, and that they should be called up when they were required; and then Esther started first, and when she was about twenty yards ahead the policemen followed in an order which had been previously settled upon.

When they were within the shadow of the house she stopped, and pointed with her finger to a low gateway which had once been an entrance to the stables.

"You recollect what I told you?" she whispered. "You will get in easily round there."

"Never fear."

THE LATE CHARLES JOHN KEAN. TRAGEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"Above all, be careful not to make any noise; he has ears like a fox."

"Don't be afraid, we'll tread like cats. Be certain though, to whistle loudly when you want us."

"Yes."

"You've got the whistle all safe?"

"Yes."

Very stealthily then the policemen stole away in the direction she had indicated, and in a few moments the faint sound of their footsteps was inaudible.

An awful silence reigned around upon the desolate waste of land, spreading as far as the eye could reach. Now indeed she was alone, and must depend upon herself. The position was a critical one. A false step might cost her her life. But a full determination was visible in her parched lips and hungry eyes.

A strangely savage expression lit up her white face, and one might have fancied her to have been some female warrior in a savage country on the war path. Feeling cautiously in the dark by the side of the door, she gently pulled the end of a wire which had there been concealed with ingenuity, in such a position that no casual observer would have been at all likely to have discovered its whereabouts.

Responsive to this summons a very faint tinkling sound was audible somewhere in the upper part of the house. Then a slight creaking of wood, and one or two small noises as though a person were moving about with great caution within. After a short delay, a whisper was heard on the other side of the door.

"Who's that?"

"Esther."

The person within fumbled about yet awhile, and might perhaps have been engaged in taking an observation of his visitor through some tiny crevice; satisfied at length, however, as it appeared, that all was right, he at length opened the jealously guarded portal just sufficiently to enable her to squeeze past with difficulty.

A very ingenious plan had he adopted to render an entrance in this cramped fashion necessary. A strong bar of wood had been fixed in the wall upon which the door opened, thus allowing it to open only twelve inches or so. When she had passed through the aperture, he closed and fastened the door behind her.

"It's you, is it," said a gruff voice. "You've been a nice long time, you have. Couldn't you find him?"

"No; nobody has seen anything of Graveling since yesterday night. I waited as long as I thought you would like me to."

"A precious deal longer," growled the man. "It's not too gay here, in this rat's hole of a place, as you know well enough. Here, keep close to me, or you'll tumble. It's not safe to show a light this side of the house."

"Go on; I can follow you."

They felt their way onwards to a place where there was a rough wooden ladder, which they ascended, still in the dark. Reaching the floor above, however, the man pushed open the door of a room, which by contrast seemed brilliantly illuminated.

It was in reality miserably furnished, and lighted only by a flaring tallow candle, stuck in a black bottle for want of a better candlestick. A couple of broken chairs and a crazy table composed the furniture, except mention should be made of what had seemingly served the man as a bed, which was two very dirty sacks half stuffed with straw by way of mattrass, and two dirty sacks, empty, by way of bed-clothes.

A few cinders smouldered in the grate, and a black pipe lay on the table. He took up this pipe when they entered, and lighting it at the candle, began to puff up the chimney, without taking any further notice of her.

She stood silent, looking at him while he was thus occupied, and if one might have judged by the expression of her face, her opinion of her companion was not a very amiable one. He was in truth as unpromising a specimen of humanity as one need wish to meet with—bullet-headed, black-muzzled and beetle-browed.

There was also about the wretch's face a grisly look, which was not, if report spoke truly, belied by his actions, for he had long ago acquired the unenviable cognomen of the "Savage" on account of his many acts of brutal atrocity.

The contrast between these two was indeed very striking, and one was lost in wonder whilst trying to account for their close connection. What could she ever have seen in him, unless it was his huge brute strength which had charmed her? Perhaps she was asking herself the question, for as she still gazed upon his dirt-begrimed face with its repulsive features, which the lurid firelight rendered absolutely diabolical, something like a shiver shook her frame, and she turned away with an ill-concealed expression of disgust.

The man looked up quickly.

"What's amiss now? are you going to stand about like that all night? can't you say something now you have come back? What news is there?"

"There's no news you will like to hear," she answered sullenly.

"What news is there?"

"The police are looking for you, and have been on your track all day. They're turning all London inside out to find you."

"Let 'em turn, and welcome!" said Hudson with a chuckle. "They'll be a long while before they find me out here."

"Who knows?"

"Who knows?" he repeated with a start, and eyeing her suspiciously, "no one is likely to put them on the scent, I suppose?"

"Hardly."

"No; there's no one knows of it but—but—"

"None but myself."

"No, none but you, Esther; and you would not sell me?"

"Why should I? I should not gain much."

"I think not," he answered, after a pause; "I've not done you much harm that I know of. I don't think you'd try to play me false. It would not be a good day's work for you."

His pipe had gone out, and he had loaded it again and relit it. She glanced at him as he did so with an expression which was terrible in its intensity. A bitter, deadly hate lay ever smouldering in her breast, which his words had fanned into a flame. But little guy must he expect at her hands when the time came. Ah, had he dreamt how soon!

He chuckled.

"I'm glad they're looking for me," he said, "I like to think of 'em all as sold. Well, it keeps them employed. What are they paid for else?"

"They'll pay you if they catch you," the woman replied.

He turned upon her savagely with his fist upraised, but she did not quail the slightest, nor indeed raise her eyes from the ground, on which they were at that moment fixed, slowly his hand fell to his side.

"What ails you to-night?" he asked. "You'd better not try me past a certain point, my lady; you've felt the weight of my hand before to-day."

She made no answer, and he went on smoking for a moment or two. Then, laying down his pipe, he said,

"Since Graveling's not coming, I shall go to roost. I'm mortal tired. Keep the fire up, will you?"

He threw himself down upon the dirty sacks, and wrapped himself up as well as he could.

"That looks very uncomfortable," she said presently, in a kinder tone than she had yet used; and she approached the place where the man was lying.

"I'm right enough," he replied.

"No, your head is so low;" she made believe as she spoke to make the bed more comfortable, but secretly she was feeling for his revolver. Earlier in the evening she had seen it here, hidden away behind one of the sacks, all ready to his hand if wanted. But it was not there now.

"What has he done with it?"

Then the truth flashed upon her. When he came down stairs to let her in he had put it in his pocket, and in all probability it was there now. But she knew which pocket he was in the habit of carrying it in when he went out, and determined to find out whether it was there now.

In pretending to make the bed, she lightly and delicately passed her hand over his breast. Her fingers touched something hard in his pocket. She softly felt the shape. It was, as she supposed, the revolver.

She took her seat by the fire and watched him with momentarily increasing anxiety. Would the police lose patience? she thought. This delay was very dangerous, but she could do nothing until she had possessed herself of the deadly weapon he carried for his self preservation.

While she was thinking thus he began to breathe heavily. Then she rose from her feet as noiselessly as a cat, and crept towards him on tip-toe. Then she began to feel for the revolver.

It was an awful moment. If by some unlucky movement she disturbed him he might roll over, and in so doing assume an attitude which would render her attempts for the future of no avail. Worse than all, she might awake him, and then—

It was indeed a question of life or death—would she win or lose?

The firelight gleamed upon her white face, and her long, lithe, thief-like fingers, as she bent over him, moving noiseless as a shadow. With all the skill of a practised pickpocket—heaven only could say what experience she had had—she propped up the bottom of the pocket with one hand, whilst with the other she gently disengaged the revolver.

Then, so slowly that her motions were scarcely to be seen, she drew back her hand free of his coat. She had won! But her triumph was short-lived. At that very moment a loud rumbling noise was heard on the floor below, caused, no doubt, by a want of caution on the part of one of the policemen.

With an oath the slumbering ruffian awoke, and started into a sitting posture. At the same instant his hand sought the pocket where the revolver had been, and even while he felt for it his eyes fell upon it in the woman's hand, as she stood, transfixed with fright, half-leaning over him.

Then the horrified expression of her face, her attitude, and the weapon she had gained possession of, told him the tale as plainly as though it had been all written down for him as it is written here. He was betrayed! She was a traitress and had sold him!

But whilst these thoughts were passing through his brain, her thoughts were not idle. She was thinking:—"Shall I shoot him? Shall I miss if I fire? Is there time?"

With the rapidity of the lightning's flash she had thus reflected, argued with herself, and decided that it was too late. So, springing with it towards the window, she jerked open a loose part of the shutter, and dashed the pistol through the glassless frames into the garden below, while at the same time she gave a long, shrill whistle.

He stood stupified by her daring, and before he recovered himself there was a loud shouting without, and a battering at the door.

"You have betrayed me, then!" he said through his clenched teeth, and with a fearful oath, "you shall not live to triumph."

As he spoke she made a rush at the fireplace, and caught up a battered saucepan in which some sort of greasy water had been simmering for the last hour or so, since he had eaten some meat that had been boiled in it for his supper. He turned for a moment to make sure that the door was double-locked as he had left it, then made a rush at her. But as he came on she clutched the saucepan in her hand and hurled its contents into his face.

The ruffian with a shriek of pain staggered back half blinded. Then, with a howl like a wild beast, rushed at her, striking at random as he came, and struck her down. He fell upon his knees by her side, twisted his fingers in her long hair, and beat her head upon the ground. He had a mind, it seemed, of killing her thus by battering out her brains, but another idea occurred to him—a still more hideous atrocity.

"I won't murder you," he hissed, "but I'll silence you for the future."

And drawing a clasp-knife from his pocket, the keen blade was in another moment gleaming in the firelight. The police meanwhile were struggling furiously with the door, which strained and creaked beneath their desperate assaults, but as yet resisted their violence.

The woman saw now that her chance was a small one. The brute, clutching her jaw, wrenched it furiously open. A hideous mutilation seemed inevitable. Perspiring at every pore, breathless, and livid with terror, she fought and battled madly in the monster's clutch.

His fingers were already tightening on her tongue, when the door with a thundering crash fell into the room, and the foremost policeman sprang like a bloodhound at his throat. The next moment he was beaten off and flung upon the ground, bleeding and half senseless.

He rose up, ran back, and, knife in hand, made a desperate rush at the door. But the policemen's bludgeons struck him down, and whilst one knelt on his breast, another forced his wrists into the handcuffs.

Even now he was not wholly subdued, but, writhing and twisting in their grasp, he gnashed his teeth at them, and foamed at the mouth like a mad dog, and fixing his legs across the doorway, defied their efforts to drag him out, so that at last to overcome him it was found necessary to beat him senseless and drag him away a dead weight, blood-besmeared and unspeakably horrible to look at.

"He's quiet enough now," said the inspector. "Get him into the cab, while I look to the woman here. I'm afraid she's got her marching orders. It's a pity, for she's a beautiful woman—a real beauty, and a devil too. Well, perhaps it's as well as it is. She's one that would come to no good end in the long run, you take my word for it. He'd have been safe to murder her if ever he got loose again."

CHAPTER VII.

DO YOU NOT KNOW ME?

"Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere heard,
But floods of woe have hurried it far off,
Beyond my ken of soul."

We left Ralph Strangeways, as the reader may remember, in the Last Hope beer-shop, holding the pocketbook in his hand which Esther Hudson had given to Graveling to take care of. With an idea that it might contain some particulars relating to his old chum's orphan children, which Graveling—of whom by this time he had grave suspicions—wished to conceal from him, he put it away in his pocket, feeling few compunctions of conscience in so acting under the circumstances. But where, he asked himself, had the landlord got to? He called again and again without effect, and the empty house echoed back his cry. Suddenly a thought occurred to him which made his blood run cold. The would-be assassin who had crept upon him knife in hand was the landlord! He was then dead, and he, Strangeways, alone in the house. What was to be done?

"If we no fancy for any police court business. If the fellow is dead he has only got what he deserves, that's very certain. While the coast is clear I'd better clear off; that will save the most bother. Then to-morrow I can turn up again and make some more inquiries. If no one saw him go out of window no one is likely to dream I had any hand in the business. Whew! I shall be glad when I am out of this; the air seems to choke me."

He went upstairs again for such articles of clothing as in his haste he had left there. Then he made a voyage of discovery all over the house, finding it for the most part very bare and miserable, and then returning to the ground floor, let himself quietly out into the street, and pulled to the door after him.

He fancied it was just possible that a policeman would be waiting for him on the curb-stone, for sometimes he felt a notion that he might be taken into custody, though he did not exactly know why. But nothing of the sort occurred to him, and the coast was clear, and he walked away unmolested. He

made the best of his way into the Westminster Bridge-road, and there took a cab, telling the driver to conduct him as quickly as possible to the hotel where he had left the captain. In the cab he leant back and pondered. The whole events of the night seemed like some awful dream; and the more he thought of them the less he felt inclined to believe in their reality.

"Am I dreaming still?" he asked himself.

The cold air was blowing in his face. He was certainly wide awake, and here was the hotel.

"Has Captain Wetherwell returned?" he asked, for he was determined to knock at his friend's door, late as it was, and tell him what extraordinary adventures he had had.

"The gentleman who came with you, sir?" said the porter.

"To be sure."

"No. 16?"

"Yes."

"Went out early, and not returned yet."

"And it's nearly three! Upon my word, captain! When he comes in, will you tell him I want to see him particularly?"

He lay awake waiting for his friend for full an hour, but then fatigue overcame him, and he dropped off to sleep. The first thing in the morning when he awoke he rang the bell.

"Is Captain Wetherwell out of his room?"

"He did not return all night. There is a gentleman below asking for you, sir; here is his card."

It was Deverel.

"Show him up," cried Ralph in great excitement, for he had forgotton all about the captain in his great desire to have tidings of Grace; "or, stop, I will be down in a moment. Ask him to wait."

Deverel was waiting for him in the coffee-room when he came down.

"Well."

"I've got the particulars for you after some trouble, but I'm sorry——"

"Sorry! what has happened?"

"Nothing, nothing, only you cannot see Miss Etheridge as soon as you wished."

"Not see her! Why? Where is she?"

"In the country."

"Well, what of that? If she were at the other end of the world I would start at once. Good heavens, man, my blood is boiling with impatience."

"I can understand your feelings, and am very sorry. You cannot see her, though, till to-morrow evening."

"Till to-morrow evening?" repeated Ralph blankly. "Why."

"Pray be reasonable," said the other. "It is not so very long to wait after waiting for years. Miss Etheridge has been lately acting as companion to an elderly lady in Scotland. That lady is now on her death-bed, and Miss Etheridge is watching by the bedside. That is the reason she cannot come."

"Of course, I understand now."

"I thought you would."

"I see she cannot come; but why should I not go there?"

"Go there?"

"Yes, at once,—by the next train,—this moment, if necessary?"

"Simply because you may miss her on the road."

"How can I do that if she is not coming till to-morrow night?"

"Are you aware that it takes a long while to come from Scotland, and that part of the journey from the place where she is has to be performed by coach?"

"How did you hear from her?"

"I telegraphed."

"You got your answer quickly. Did you telegraph to-day?"

"Last night. I did not get the answer till to-day."

"I will telegraph."

"As you choose. Here is the address."

"And there is nothing for it but to wait?"

"There is no other alternative that I can see."

* * * * * * * *

It was weary work waiting, and many times during the course of that seemingly endless day Ralph Strangeways lost all patience and loudly cursed his fate. What also added in no small degree to his annoyance, was that his friend Wetherwell had not yet returned, and had sent no message.

Late in the afternoon, however, a letter came which run thus:

"MY DEAR STRANGEWAYS.—You must be astonished at my long absence, but I will explain all when we meet.

"I know of your cruel loss and deeply sympathise with you from the bottom of my heart. I will return, I hope, with some tidings. Yours, JOHN WETHERWELL."

"What in the name of all that is mysterious does he mean?" Ralph asked himself, and puzzled long and unavailingly over the incomprehensible letter.

The night passed, however, without any farther tidings of the captain. The next day also went over, and yet he did not return. At a quarter to eleven next night the train was expected at Euston square, and Ralph Strangeways was there to meet it. At a glance he could pick out from the crowd a tall, graceful figure, dressed in deep mourning; Deverel, too, pointed to her.

"There she is!"

They approached without the lady seeing them. When they were close to her, however, she turned, and the gaslight fell upon a deadly white face, with piercing dark eyes. Ralph stood a moment half bewildered, strange and unaccountable emotions agitating his breast. The lady smiled sadly.

"Do you not know me?"

Ah, what a weary time it was ago! Five years! What changes, what misery! Five years—too long to go away and hope to find those behind unchanged. Here, sure enough, was the woman whom he had loved so tenderly a moment ago.

Did he love her still?

He took her in his arms, and felt her heart throbbing against his. He kissed her white face.

He caught her hand in his, and squeezed it passionately. *It was icy cold!*

TO BE CONTINUED.

BIG TIME!

At a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Branch of the American Institute in this city, Mr. D. W. Bradley, the city time-keeper, read a paper on "Tower Clocks," containing much valuable information to horologists, antiquaries, engineers and campanologists; many valuable hints concerning the composition of aphorisms and the vibration of pendulums; and an occasional temporal anecdote or time-honored joke, by way of variety. The following brief extracts will give a general idea of the treat prepared by Mr. Bradley for his fellow members:—

With all due deference to the philosopher who said that time is money, I would observe that time is improvement, progress, science, art; and on the other hand it is idleness, dissipation, poverty, decay, ruin. As for its being money, let me remark that I have been experimenting with it these thirty years, and have never succeeded in making it yield more than enough to keep soul and body together.... We visit St. Paul's. The bell was new a year ago. The old one got cracked, and they set a man to boring the crack out. He worked a week or two, and nearly froze to death, and when he finished his work it was found that the crack was larger than ever before. So they put in a new bell. The frame of the clock stands five feet long, two feet three inches wide, and four feet high. The pendulum is of wood, 13 feet long, giving 32 beats, and the ball weighs 75lbs.

St. John's clock was built by Henry Harris, London, in 1812. It is similar to St. Paul's, but is better finished, and has the worst escapement I ever saw.

The clock of the Dutch Reformed Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, and that of St. Mark's, were made by Stokell. They are both like the clock of St. Paul's, though smaller and better. Stokell made some of the best regulators in this country.

Trinity clock is the heaviest in America. The frame stands 9 feet long, 5 high, and 3 wide. The barrels are 20 inches, turning three times in 24 hours. The winding wheels are driven by a pinion and arbor. On the latter is placed a jack, or a wheel, a pinion, and a crank; 850 turns of the crank are required to draw up each of the weights. It takes 700 feet of 3-inch rope for the three cords; and the winding up of the weights consumes more than an hour of time, and requires the labor of two men. The pendulum is 18 feet long, and makes 25 beats. I cannot think that Mr. Rogers had a correct notion of what he was going to do when he begun the building of this clock. At first it would not run 17 days, and he was obliged to put in new main wheels. The clock was at last finished, and an agreement was made with the sexton's son that he should receive 25 cents whenever it stopped, provided he at once notified the time-keeper; but as it stopped every day, and frequently three or four times a day, the expense of feeing the informer became irksome to bear, and the cumbrous time-piece was placed in new hands. By this time it had gained a poor reputation, which clings to it even in our day. The weights are 800, 1,200 and 1,500 pounds respectively, and drop 50 feet. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well, which holds about a bale of cotton waste to check the fall of a weight in case of accident. Two years ago I wound it up on Saturday, and on Sunday morning the chiming cord broke, letting the 1,500 pound weight fall a distance of 50 feet, causing much damage. The cotton box was strongly braced on all sides, but the force of the blow burst it open. The contents were well scattered, otherwise the organ bellows, just in line below, would have contracted under a pressure somewhat greater than that which the "blowers" was accustomed to exert upon them........A much better clock could be built of the metal contained in the frame and main wheels of Trinity's......None of these clocks keep accurate time. Trinity does best, the clock of the Dutch Reformed Church next......During the late heavy snow storm the north window in the clock-room of St. Paul's was blown open. The snow came in, partially covered the movement, and drifted down into the box to the depth of several inches, nearly covering the ball; yet the old pendulum waded through it with the glee of a school-boy, and stowed the snow on this side and that, and pelted it with such pertinacity that by the next morning the clock was 15 minutes ahead of time. The first warm day that followed it fainted and stopped running. ......There was an old German clock on the Post Office, but it was removed a long time ago. It had but one hand......Old St. George's clock is about 50 years old. It is smaller than the others, but has gained a reputation for accuracy. Twenty years ago a person who had not St. George's time was supposed, like a busy man, to have no time at all. As it is soon to be pulled down no care is taken of its inside, and the figures on the dial are grown so rusty that the time can only be guessed at. At the City Hall we find a good clock. The pendulum, 15 feet long, vibrates in 2 seconds. The ball weighs 300 pounds. To counteract the effect of heat and cold the compensation principle has been applied to this pendulum. The contraction of the iron rods would draw up the ball is opposed by the greater contraction of the brass bar on which the ball rests, thus letting it down. When the rods expand the greater expansion of the brass bar lets it down—only it don't—that is, not yet. I regulated it from June, 1866, to February, 1867, without moving the hands, but after the latter date, for three or four months, I set it every week, although the variations never exceeded 30 seconds. The pendulum has not lost one vibration in more than two years. The new clock of St. George's, Sixteenth street, has never been excelled in finish. The frame is 8 feet long, 3 wide, and 7 high. The main time wheel is 3 feet in diameter, has 180 teeth, turns once in 12 hours, has the figures on its face, and a pointer marking the hour. The second wheel is 27 inches, has 300 teeth, revolves every hour, and has the minutes on its face. The third wheel turns once in three minutes, and has the seconds pointed off on it. The pendulum is 35 feet long, and vibrates in three seconds, and the ball, weighing 390 pounds, is four feet in length by seven inches diameter. Two pinions and three wheels constitute all the machinery of this clock. Trinity's has five pinions and ten wheels.....A duplicate of this clock is now being put up in the new arsenal at Rock Island..... The clocks in the Brick Church and that in St. Therese are small but good ones, if attended to. They are cared for by the sextons, and get no care at all....A gentleman from Pennsylvania was lately telling me about his wonderful one, which did not vary 15 seconds in a year. On questioning him as to the observations he was in the habit of taking, he remarked that he took observations every day, by a noon mark cut in the floor of his back porch....The clock of the Third Avenue Railroad depot is a fine instrument. It is exposed to a greater range of heat and cold than any other clock in the city, yet keeps excellent time.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

P. W., Philadelphia.—1. A town with that number of inhabitants ought to support such an establishment, but business is very bad everywhere at present. 2. You would have to take out a theatrical as well as a liquor license. 3. You would meet with poor encouragement if you did not give a first class show, which you could not do without an experienced stage manager. 4. You can get performers for from $25 to $75 a week—$35 is the average. 5. You have money enough to commence operations provided you do not have to expend too much of it in fitting up your place.

J. H. L.—1. There was talk of a match between O'Baldwin and Patsy Evans, but it never came to anything. We understand that Patsy is still willing to fight for $1,000, but O'Baldwin declines to make a match for less than $2,000 a side, albeit he fought for as low as £50 a side in England. It looks strange, sure enough. 2. Dick Holliwood teaches sparring. A letter addressed to him in our care will reach its destination. 3. It depends altogether on prior arrangement. 4. The euchre counts two points only for C. and D.

A. E. A., Jamestown.—No book giving the slang of the profession has ever been published. "Stag his nibbs," "Sherry your rouse, Cully," "The main guy," "Clem his royal roster," are some of the expressions used. It would take an entire column of the CLIPPER to give you all the slang terms. When a showman wants the doorkeeper of a place of amusement to dead head him in he says "Cully, Sherry me nibbs in to witness the main guy of the ken and his fakements."

Q. R., Cincinnati, O.—1. Jim Fox is at present a gay conductor on a city railroad keer. 2. It was so stated at the time. 3. We haven't heard of the C. J. M. for some time. 4. Butt Riley defeated Dutchy Engle in 10 rounds, 20 minutes, and fought a draw with Johnny McGlade, 12 rounds, 20 minutes. That has never been fairly tested. 5. We shall be pleased to hear from you, in brief, whenever convenient.

C. McM., New Orleans.—Thomas Prendergast, Wm. Newcomb and Dan Bryant all performed and traveled with the Campbell Minstrels from 1853 until 1856. Dan Bryant joined them in Sept. 1852 and Newcomb joined 1853 Prendergast was with them when Dan Bryant joined. Newcomb left the party in St. Louis in 1856, when Dan Bryant took the party to New York and opened at the Chinese Rooms.

SAM LUDWIG, St. Louis, Mo.—1. Morrissey defeated Thompson, Sullivan and Heenan, the last being for the championship. 2. Coburn is virtually champion, having won the title by beating McCoole. 3. Bill Davis fought eight times, winning with Jack Smith, Pearson, Tom Daley, Patsy Daly and Charley Gallagher, and being beaten by Jim Dunn, McCoole and Elliott.

L. R., Chicago, Ill.—Jerry Donovan did have a turn-up with Australian Kelly while in this city some weeks ago, and is reported to have had the best of it. We believe the difficulty arose out of an argument concerning the Heenan and Morrissey fight, Donovan espousing the cause of the former and Kelly taking sides with the latter.

MANY FRIENDS, Baltimore.—"A B C and D play a game of euchre; A and B are partners; A deals; B says he will play it alone; C says he will play it alone with B; B takes two tricks, while C takes three. Does C make four times or merely euchre B, or can four times be made without taking every trick?"......C euchres B and makes two.

PATTERSON PARK, Baltimore, Md.—1. Yankee Sullivan beat Hammer Lane in 19 rounds, 34 minutes, at Crookham Common, Eng., Feb. 2, 1841. 2. He was found dead in a cell in San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1856. The circumstances attending his death have never been satisfactorily explained, but the general belief is that he was put away by the Vigilance Committee.

GREEN WOOD.—There is so little interest taken in matches of the kind, that it would scarcely be worth the trouble to attempt the performance unless you can get a large wager made that you cannot do it. A public challenge accompanied with a deposit might bring out such a party.

WM. D.—Sam Collyer, the light weight champion, played a speaking part for the first time on the dramatic stage at Ford's Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in Brougham's "Lottery of Life" as Bob, on Dec. 30, 1867. He made quite a hit in the *role*.

A. T., Baltimore.—1. Auction pitch is not a recognized game, although extensively played in various parts of the country. 2. The party who only wants one to go out, and holds low, scores game before the buyer who wants three and makes high, Jack, game.

J. G., Chestnut Hill.—When a misdeal occurs before the Jack is turned up, the Jack does not count; if the Jack is turned, however, and the cards are run for another trump, the Jack is scored if a misdeal occurs in the subsequent running.

R. S. R., Baltimore, Md.—That issue is out of print. You may procure what you want by dropping a line to Harry Jennings or Sam Turner, whose addresses will be found in the CLIPPER.

SUFFOL, Williamsburgh.—H having discovered his mistake before the cards were touched or the turned-up card acted upon, our opinion is that the deal stands good, the next card being turned for trump.

C. E. C., Pawtucket, R. I.—At cribbage, D plays a four, C a deuce, D a seven, C a tray, D a six, C an ace, and D a five, which is a go. How many points can D claim?......Seven for a sequence and one for go; or eight in all.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN.—The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows:—Feather, up to 8st. or 112lbs.; light, up to 9st. 7lbs. or 133lbs.; middle, up to 11st. or 154lbs.; heavy, all above 154lbs.

NIGER, New York.—Three deuces, an ace and an eight count eight points at cribbage; viz., two for fifteen; and six for pair royal.

CHANTICLEER.—We have no record of the greatest number of victories achieved by a game fowl, but Ben Daniels, of this city, has a stuffed bird which won thirty-one battles in succession.

A. W.—Daniel still lives, as you might have seen by reading last week's CLIPPER. He contemplates running for the Presidency, we are told.

G. D. S, Washington, D. C.—You are right. Four trays and a nine, at cribbage, count twenty-four; viz., twelve for fifteens and twelve for double pair royal.

YOUNG AMERICA, Meadville.—1. Mr. Acker did travel with Macfarland. 2. John Denier is not dead. See our dramatic summary for his present whereabouts.

CHICAGO.—Jerry Donavan fought four times, defeating Jim Burns, Johnny McGlade, Johnny Gallagher and Steve O'Donnell. He also received $25 forfeit from Barney Ford.

JOHN S., St. Louis, Mo.—1 Thirty seconds are allowed after the expiration of each round. 2. Morrissey fought three times, with Thompson, Sullivan and Heenan.

C. S. F., Brownsville.—The subscription price of the CLIPPER is five dollars per annum, two dollars and a half for six months, and one dollar and a quarter for three months.

PILGRIM, Minneapolis.—Either apply personally to some manager or by letter, or else book your name with some dramatic agent.

PHOTOGRAPHER, Canton.—A biography of J. W. Wallack, Jr., appeared in the CLIPPER of Oct. 13, 1866. We *did not* class him as a "third rate actor."

W. A. C., Boston.—1. He was a minstrel performer. 2. Clog shoes cost $5 a pair. Roberts, 96 Ninth avenue, this city, makes them. 3. He came from this city.

FAST SWIMMER, Jefferson, City, Mo.—Harry Gurr's best time, which is the fastest on record, was made in his race with David Pamplin, when he swam about 1,000 yards in 17min. 1sec.

W. S. J., Albany, N. Y.—Thanks for your offer, but we have no use for the numbers mentioned. Should inquiry be made for them we will bear you in mind.

W. M. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—One mile and seventeen yards 1 minute 39 seconds, by Gladiateur, at Newmarket, England, May, 1865.

UNION CLUB.—James Nuttall ran half a mile at the Copenhagen Grounds, Manchester, Eng., in 1 minute 55¼ seconds, August 31, 1867, in a race with Fleet.

READER, Montreal.—There is a work on training trotting horses by Mr. J. Simpson, published by Townsend & Co., New York.

C. F., Fort Wayne, Ind.—B cannot play his ace on the tray and build on the 6 that A made. He must build out of his own hand.

C. M. A., Chicago.—Van Amburgh's Menagerie is the only concern wintering in Indiana.

JOE, New Orleans.—1. Joseph Jefferson. 2. Edwin Forrest. 3 See our City Summary. 4. Died several years ago.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—1. It is pronounced *gut*. 2. She was the wife of Sir William Don.

JIMMY LYNN.—Better look up the party yourself. Seeing is believing.

H. G. F., Boston, Mass.—We are supplied; but you may possibly find a customer by advertising.

LUNKHEAD.—Where there is a tie for game the non dealer scores the point.

H. J. S., Buffalo.—We make no charge for inserting news items, such as that sent us.

J. L., Clearfield.—We cannot give the figures with any certainty, and therefore decline to decide your bet.

H. A. B. W.—Thank you, have made use of some of the freshest.

W. H., Fort Dodge.—We have not the author's permission to disclose the name.

E. HETHINGTON, St. Louis, Mo.—Twenty per cent discount for three months (13 times) in advance.

H. A. S.—Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago, Ills.—McCoole issued the challenge.

REGULAR, Chicago, Ill.—We have no record of the person alluded to having accomplished the feat mentioned.

NEW YORKER, Albany, N. Y.—Possibly he will accept the challenge.

CAPT. P. F. AND C. L., Newburgh, N. Y.—Send along a deposit and your challenge will no doubt be accepted.

S. J. D., Hanover, Pa.—Your paper is mailed regularly. The missing Nos. have been forwarded.

H L, St. Louis, Mo.—Ask for "Dinks & Mayhew on the Dog" at any book store.

EUTERPE, Charleston.—Charlotte is not a married lady, to the best of our knowledge.

AGENT, Alleghany.—Adam Forepaugh is a husband and father.

CORRESPONDENT, Cincinnati.—R. H. Thompson is with La Rue's Minstrels.

MANY READERS, Troy, N. Y.—We believe not; at least we never heard of a distribution.

VOL. X, Steubenville.—Our own files are complete. Your better plan would be to advertise them for sale.

D. H. P., Gap, Pa.—Your paper is directed to Bellevue.

QUIN, Boston.—L. R. Shewell is the better actor of the two.

E. B., Buffalo.—We have not got a copy of the CLIPPER containing the biography.

KANSAS.—Left-handed pitchers cannot be ruled out; there are two or three first class pitchers who use the left hand.

WHITE HACKLE, Trenton, N. J.—Thanks for information. Items in brief are always acceptable.

R. F. C.—It was the general opinion that Bill Clarke had the best of that set-to.

J. H. O., Lowell.—It's all right, John; Joseph will take care of himself.

C. D., St. Louis.—You are right; the error was corrected in the following week's issue.

No. 31, Chicago.—Tom Hyer, who fought Yankee Sullivan, is dead.

W. N. T., San Francisco.—Robert Heller, Prof. Anderson and Prof. Hermann are considered the best in their business.

L. S., Brooklyn.—Shakespeare is the author of "Hamlet." Forrest has played "Hamlet" a great many times.

SMOKER.—Either end you please. "You pays your money and takes your choice."

H. W., Pennsylvania.—Lottery jumped 33 feet over a wall; we cannot at present state the year.

F. G. C., Evansville, Ind.—Not having been present, we cannot say.

J. C., Rochester.—The outside bets go with the battle money.

P. D. P.—The stakes were paid over to Hamill long ago.

ENQUIRER.—Richard Hemmings married Elvira Whitby.

M. H. G. Berwick.—All right; your subscription is good.

CONSTANT READER, St. John.—Kom-me-di-en.

A GREAT CRY.

The press, for want of a more important sensation, has been in a high state of affected excitement during the past week, in reference to the death of a boy engaged with others in a rough and tumble fight on an island opposite St. Louis, Mo.

It appears that the principals in the affair were two lads of seventeen and eighteen respectively, who, having had a quarrel, resolved to fight it out, but not, if we are correctly informed, according to the rules of the Prize Ring. No money was staked, no referee was chosen, no "corners" tossed for, no rounds contested, no decision made. Sifting the kernel of truth from the *chaff* of the reports we discover that two boys fought, and one, striking the other in the stomach, *below the belt*, killed him. It was certainly a sad and deplorable affair. We can readily imagine the distress of a sorrow stricken mother and a loving sister when the corpse of the unfortunate youth was brought to their home. But we respectfully submit the proposition that it is not fair to charge upon pugilists the responsibility of this and similar affairs. The Common Council of New York sees fit to spend five hundred dollars in celebrating the anniversary of Henry Clay's birth. We really forget whether it was three or four times that Mr. Clay deliberately and coolly pointed a pistol at the head of an enemy with the solemn intention of killing that enemy on the spot. A leaden ball, designed to end a man's life, slipped from the memory of admiring friends almost as quickly as it flew from the muzzle of the deadly weapon. We *do* remember how the closing years of Andrew Jackson's life were rendered painful by a bullet which could never be dislodged, and which was received in an "affair of honor." All readers have lingered over that page of history which records the passage across the North River, on a summer morning, of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. And when Hamilton was killed, and the news spread slowly through the country, the people—although they blamed Col. Burr—did not condemn the practice of dueling. Within the memory of many boys David Broderick, United States Senator from California, was shot dead, and no one took the trouble to even question his murder.

For the pugilistic fraternity we ask no such privileges or exemptions as are accorded to "men of honor." We only ask that they shall not be held guilty of acts whereof they are innocent. If Henry Clay had been called to account when some rowdy in Washington fired a pistol, we might see the propriety of blaming the pugilists when, by a blow of the fist, a boy is done to death. To different men are given different talents. John Randolph, of Roanoke, sitting in the American Congress, scarcely able to rise from his seat, sick, worn, pale and emaciated, spoke words so sharp that they cut their way to the very heart of the country. Tom Hyer, who couldn't *talk* against the lowest Tombs shyster, found himself possessed of a splendid body which he used and trained and cultivated to such a point that he could knock time out of Mr. Randolph and half his colleagues. It was just as honorable for Mr. Randolph to make use of his power of mind as it was for Mr. Hyer to make use of his power of body—and not a whit more so. Because men of intellect have prostituted their talents to evil purposes, and have injured the world by their wicked sophistry, shall we condemn the mind? By no means, answers everybody. Because an angry boy has struck another a fatal blow, shall we condemn pugilistic encounters? By *all* means, answer the daily papers, which are continually striving to point morals on the *fourth* page from the "special telegrams" of the "brutal encounters" (procured at an "enormous expense") and published on the *first* page. This leads us to speak somewhat more definitely of these same newspaper reports of prize fights. If Jack Smith blackens the eye of Bill Brown, and if the indignant William replies in kind, and if the twain have it out, and if a few persons look on, our enterprising contemporaries forthwith print in leaded lines, the full particulars of the "last prize fight." If perchance it happen that Messrs. Smith and Brown do not have the opportunity or inclination to indulge in fisticuffs, an obliging reporter—who fights his battles over the ink and whisky bottles—cooks up a thrilling account, replete with bloody details, which answers every purpose and serves to swell the doubtful circulation of some low-priced journal.

Drawing morals is a very good trade, but like other occupations, at the present time, it is slightly overdone. We recollect, even now, how our boyish hair stood on end when a loud voiced clergyman found a terrible lesson in the burning of a theatre. He said the conflagration was the work of Providence, but we have since learned that the fire was kindled by a low-browed wretch who is at present making shoes in the State Prison. But when the church at Santiago de Cuba was consumed, and 900 worshippers perished in the flames, no "moral" was drawn, and the hand of Providence was not profanely shaped into the index finger which points to petty prejudice. So when the newspapers find that the "Ring" is popular, they devote their columns to excellent moralizing thereon. But let it sink (as it appears to have done in England), and they will not sling a single moral, though a hundred pugilists fight each day.

The wise men of the sweet potato section, commonly called New Jersey, must have been reading the unreliable news of New York. They have suddenly learned that important prize fights are taking place at all hours of the day and night in the immediate vicinity of their quiet homes. They have vainly searched for the exact scene of the terrific encounters; they have lain anxiously in wait for the solitary pugilist, and failing to find him, they have sought that panacea of all human woes—the Grand Jury. That august body, fully impressed with its own magnitude, has sternly resolved to indict all fightists who come within its capacious reach. Heavy fines, dark dungeons and reliable bonds are in wait for those who raise their mawleys "over yond." Very well, gentlemen of the Grand Jury; Jersey "expects each man to do his duty." But, beloved foreigners, we beg you to be careful. We assure you on our sacred honor that the gentleman who acts as referee, bottle-holders, seconds and principals in your dreadful encounters is a perfectly harmless insect, and his ferocity exists only in your fevered imaginations. He may be found on a "third floor, back," and he depends entirely on his imagination for his facts. Were he squelched the world would wag and the jurymen of Jersey would find their equanimity restored.

Seriously, all that we ask in behalf of our fistic friends is simply this: that when Western boys fight rough and tumble, with fatal results, the fault of the quarrel shall not be laid at the door of professional pugilists; that the moral newspapers shall not draw lessons from fights which never occurred, and that the Grand Juries of New Jersey shall avoid cheap reading and frame their indictments on information to be found (exclusively) in the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

USEFUL BOOK OF REFERENCE.—Among the late publications from the house of Harper & Brothers, is a pocket edition of "Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket Book," containing, among a variety of other useful information, tables of weights and measures, rules of arithmetic, strength of materials, latitude and longitude, heat, water, gunnery, steam and steam engines, construction of vessels, fast time, orthography of technical words and terms, etc., by Charles H. Haswell, civil and marine engineer. The work should be in the possession of every mechanic, merchant and tradesman, for it gives information on a variety of subjects, and such as cannot be found in any other single book. The work also contains tables of the probabilities of turning up certain numbers, spots on dice, "heads and tails," etc., analysis of food, capacity of churches and opera houses, weights, and distances of race and trotting tracks, etc.

A NEW ERA.—We have received a copy of the "Era Almanac," issued by Mr. Ledger, of the London *Era*. The work well is compiled, containing chronological statistics and other items of interest to the theatrical profession, as well as a number of exceedingly well-written sketches by popular authors. One of those sketches will be found in this issue of the CLIPPER.

CONTINGENT FUND.—It would appear from report of expenses in Congress placed to the credit of the contingent fund, that our Senators and Representatives write their speeches with cork-screws for pens, and champagne and whiskey for ink.

"BILKS."

"Bilks" are those interesting individuals who live at the public expense, and who dress well and get fat on an annual income of three cents a month.

The Brotherhood of Bilks is of no mean proportions, and it gathers beneath its standard those of all trades, callings and professions. To specify the officers of the Bilking Brigade and so designate them that our readers shall hereafter know them is the object of this article.

To take no unfair advantage of the great unwashed, who stand without the portals of the *sanctum sanctorum*, we will state, with due candor, that there are editorial bilks, who use the high and mighty power of a free press to fill their capacious pockets and voracious stomachs. These gentlemen are easily distinguishable. They talk "shop" in public places. They incidentally inform you in the presence of Brown, Jones and Robinson that they are the sole proprietors of a newspaper, whose advertising patrons are, from time to time, puffed to the fullest possible extent—they very quietly call your attention to a little article copied in the Tintinum *Truth Teller*, (by the "devil," while the editor was playing "poker" at the whiskey mill across the way,) and inform you with delightful coolness that Mr. Bennet desired them to take complete control of the *Herald*, and that advertising will be done reasonably. And will they take a drink? Certainly they will!

It seems to be the fortune of showmen, in the course of their varied experience, to meet a large number of the bilking fraternity. No performance takes place in a town but shows the advent and existence of a fair supply of "Bilks." Bilks are like caterpillars—they remain quiet and apparently dead till the proper moment arrives, and then, in butterfly style, they burst their shells and appear in editorial dignity or municipal claims, which entitle them to the best seat and a drink. Yes, a drink; for every Bilk does dearly love the taste of the lightning which is bottled at Jersey. They promise extravagant notices (which never appear), or they refer you to popular novels which they never wrote. Yet, again, in the language of our Fat Contributor, they claim to be the son of the Mayor, when in reality they are only the "son of a gun." Large in numbers and ingenious in device, they bilk their way into the best performances and fairly defy the lynx-eyed gentleman who disposes of pasteboard behind a ministure window.

The hotels do not lack bilking guests. The handsome gentleman who kisses the chambermaid and obtains the finest room in the house is a Bilk. His trunk will be on the day after to-morrow, you know, and the credulous landlord smiles approval, but discovers too late that the Bilk has flown, leaving as a memory an unsettled bill. Most often of all the barkeeper meets the beautiful Bilk. The person who left his pocket-book at home when he changed his pants (he only owns one pair); the individual whose office is in the next block, and who will bring in the money in a moment; the adventurer who, unfortunately, has nothing less than a twenty dollar bill—all these are Bilks. The dispenser of drinks knows them, but strives in vain to avoid them. Their coolness is as apparent as ice in February. They never become nonplussed. If their false claims are exposed, they smile with provoking ease, and try the establishment across the way. On the whole, the Bilks are a nuisance, but an unavoidable nuisance. So long as the possibility exists of "beating" one's way through the world, the Bilks will flourish.

THE RING.

FATAL PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER NEAR ST. LOUIS.

THOMAS MCCANN KILLED BY DENNIS REARDON.

The residents of the Mound City were thrown into a fever of excitement on the evening of the 19th ult. by the intelligence that a prize fight had taken place during the day at Bloody Island, wherein one of the principals sustained injuries resulting in his death. From the somewhat mixed and conflicting reports of the affair which have reached us we glean the following:—It appears that two young men, named Thomas McCann and Dennis Reardon (a brother of Con, who fought Patsy Sheppard), the former aged seventeen and the latter one year his senior, became involved in an altercation over some trivial affair in a saloon during the previous week, the issue of which was that the disputants agreed to settle the controversy by the arbitrament of the weapons provided by nature. Early on Sunday morning a small party of youths, or, indeed, boys, crossed to Bloody Island in company with the principals, and, selecting a suitable spot, disrobed and commenced the struggle, McCann being waited upon by Jack Ryan and Bill McHenry, and Reardon having for his esquires Matt Broderick and Thos Hogan. About half a dozen rounds were fought. In the last round McCann grew faint and staggered to the scratch with his head on one side, and as he reeled toward Reardon, with his hands hanging by his side, the latter dealt him a terrific blow in the abdomen. Parties in the crowd then cried out, "Don't hit him again!" but Reardon paid no attention to the warning, and struck another powerful blow, when McCann fell heavily upon the ground and expired about twenty minutes afterward. This is in accordance with the sworn statement of one of the parties who were present. Nearly all, if not all, those who were present at the affair were subsequently arrested and incarcerated in Belleville Jail, to be held to await the action of the Grand Jury. The statement given above is corroborated in the main by each of them. The jury returned the following verdict:—

"We, the jury of inquest, find that the deceased came to his death by blows inflicted on him by Dennis Reardon, and that the following named were aiders and abettors to the killing, by their presence or by acting as seconds:—Thomas Gallivan, Thomas Hogan, John Joice, Martin Broderick, John Ryan, Dan Castello, *alias* McDonough, Dan Donovan, James Farrell, John Buttermy, James Parley and John Nash."

A post-mortem examination of the body revealed a discoloration on the outer side of the left eye, a cut on the upper lip, and an abrasion on the right cheek. On examining the brain a slight congestion was found and the abdomen was full of dark blood. The bowels appeared not to be injured. The only organ presenting a marked change was the spleen. It was very much enlarged and presenting a rupture at the hilus, and blood clotted in the areolar tissue of the spleen; rupture of the spleen would be fatal.

This unfortunate occurrence has been eagerly snatched at by the press throughout the country as justification for launching into a wholesale condemnation of the ring and its supporters, but they should remember the circumstances attendant upon the affair—the youthfulness of the deceased, his entire lack of necessary preparation and the statement that he was far from being in good health at the time. The man of mature years, who, by a proper course of preparation, hardens his muscles and strengthens his sinews until his entire body is reduced to the hardness of iron, and thereby rendered nigh unimpressible by the avalanche of blows to which it is subjected in such a contest, is in very little danger of receiving serious injury in a passage with the naked fists, conducted according to the prescribed rules. Looking at the case from this stand-point, the melancholy event concerning which this article is written cannot reasonably be taken as a basis for a tirade against the prize ring. It is strange, too, that this exceptional occurrence should invoke such an outcry by the so-called "respectable press," when not a day passes but that those same journals chronicle fatal affrays, in which the pistol, knife and other cowardly weapons are the cause of *death*, and think it unnecessary to speak even in mild terms of the "horror" of such disgraceful affrays.

THE GREAT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR MATCH.

PATSY SHEPPARD THE MAN WHO IS TO BOX BARNEY ON ALL FOOL'S DAY.

THE MONEY IN THE STAKEHOLDER'S HANDS.

One of the main points in the important one hundred and twenty pound match between Barney Aaron and James Collins' Unknown, has been definitely settled, and public opinion, which frequently errs, has this time proven correct in selecting the Western light-weight, Patsy Sheppard, as the man chosen as a substitute for Jem Gollagher, to meet the Star of the North within the squared circle, on the first day of the month of April next. Agreeable to stipulation, the meet for the tabling of the sixth and final instalment of five hundred dollars a side was held at Rockey Moore's Inwood Hotel, on the Jerome Park Road, between the hours of one and four o'clock, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 26th ult. Owing to the distance to the place of meeting, there were very few present outside of the parties interested in the match, and the gathering was therefore not as lively as usual upon the staking of the concluding deposit in a match invested with such wide-spread interest as the one under consideration. Both parties were prompt to time with their ducats and after the ceremony of posting the same in the hands of the stakeholder had been gone through with, the representative of the Unknown proclaimed Patsy as the man of their choice.

This mooted question being now satisfactorily settled the public will launch into a discussion of the comparative merits of the rivals with more animation than before. Barney holds first place in the estimation of the fraternity at large, and it's no wonder, either, for in addition to his wonderful cleverness with the gloves, he has proven himself equally at home in the ring, perfectly familiar with all the tricks known to fighting men, cool and thoroughly self-possessed at all times and under all circumstances, and ever ready to turn to account the slightest opening, while his two battles with Collyer certainly proved the groundlessness of any doubts which may have been entertained of his willingness and ability to take his punishment without flinching.

Patsy, while assuredly a very skillful glove practitioner, has not had the benefit of Aaron's extensive experience of the stern realities of the pugilistic code, and cannot consequently be reasonably expected to possess the consummate generalship of Barney. He is a very likely looking young follow, however, just the shape for a boxer, and apparently endowed with powers of endurance equal to the sustaining of any amount of pummelling; this, combined with his resolution, youth and activity, induced his friends to place implicit faith in his ability to conquer the Boweryite.

After taking the usual round of benefits, the principals will commence their preparatory work, exercising gently until about the beginning of March, and then entering upon downright earnest training, which it behooves each to pay the strictest attention to, in order that they may be in the finest possible condition on the day when they are to exchange fistic compliments for the possession of "them five thousand."

PATSY REARDON ANXIOUS FOR A FIGHT.—This square-built boxer called at the CLIPPER office just before going to press, in company with a responsible sporting man of the City of Churches, who offered to back him for any amount against any man in the country from 143 lbs. to 147 lbs. They appeared particularly desirous of bringing about a match with Tommy Chandler, but as the latter's fighting weight is 136 lbs., not to mention his distance from the scene of action, there's no use talking about that. Perhaps he will be accommodated nearer.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

$100 LEFT FOR ABE HICKEN TO FIGHT COLLYER.

A PLACE OF MEETING ARRANGED.

The declaration of intentions of Sam Collyer, Champion of the Light-Weights, in our last issue, has, as expected, resulted in negotiations which there is little room for doubt will terminate in the making of a match for the championship, as Hicken seems very anxious for it, and Samuel ain't one of the kind to go back on anything he has said. Jim Colbert called at the CLIPPER office on the 27th ult., in company with Barney Aaron and others, and deposited the sum of $100 as an earnest of Abe's intentions, appointing Wednesday, 29th ult., for a meeting to arrange necessary preliminaries at this office. Collyer followed suit shortly afterward, but stated that as he could not attend on the day mentioned, owing to his presence being required at a matinee at Tony Pastor's Opera House, where he is fulfilling a prolonged engagement, he would meet Hicken or his representatives, at Mike Henry's, Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Thursday, 30th ult., between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M., and, if they come to a satisfactory understanding, at once adjourn to the CLIPPER office and draw up and sign articles of agreement. As this accords precisely with Sam's statement last week the Hickenites can have no objection to the same, seeing that it is in part necessitated.

THE KERRIGAN-McLEAN DIFFICULTY.

Concerning the recent turn-up between Dan Kerrigan and Billy McLean, which created no little stir in circles pugilistique, and hasn't reached the culminating point yet, we have received the subjoined communication from an outside party, which causes the affair to assume a different phase. Read it:—

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—Having seen in your last issue the account of the turn-up between Dan Kerrigan and Billy McLean in Philadelphia, I wish to say that the whole statement is false. I happened to be present at the time the affair occurred. Kerrigan met McLean at Harry Monahan's, and accused him of talking bad about him to a certain party, which McLean denied at first, but afterwards admitted. Angry words ensued, and, stepping out to the middle of the bar-room, they squared off, when Kerrigan hit him on the left eye, showing the blood. Kerrigan then jumped back, and in doing so, the floor being covered with zinc, he slipped and fell against the wall. He at once sprang to his feet, and squared off again, when Mr. Monahan stepped in and separated them. As for McLean knocking Kerrigan down, it is false, as there was only one blow struck, and that was by Kerrigan. McLean came down the following morning to the Montgomery Hotel on Sixth street, where Kerrigan was stopping, and offered to fight him for $100. Kerrigan said that was not enough, but that he would fight him as soon as he liked for $200 or $500 a side. McLean said that he could not raise that much money, and so the matter ended. This, I assure you, is the true statement of the affair.

Yours respectfully, J. P. T.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22, '68.

THOSE REPUTED MILLS IN JERSEY.

The following letter will give the public an idea of how those so-called "desperate prize fights" which for months past have ornamented, almost daily, the columns of a certain metropolitan journal, are "fixed up." This is but a single instance in hundreds of the way in which the public are hoaxed by reports of sporting events which diligent inquiry has proved existed only in the imagination of some penny-a-liner Read it:—

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 25th, 1868.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—I have observed the report of a fight between two Jerseymen by the name of Farley and Deacon. That fight, or spree, rather, occured at this place and was no prize fight, but merely a drunken row. Such things, I think, ought not to be published—that is, these drunken rows turned into prize fights. To-morrow, (Sunday) Jan. 26th, 1868, there will be a fight between two young boys of this city, to settle a private difficulty existing between them. It will be no prize fight, but some parties here will get it up as a *bona fide* affair and have it published. Knowing that you do not wish to publish every row that occurs I write this to apprise you of the facts. WHITE HACKLE.

JOHNNY KEATING DECLARES HIS INTENTIONS.

HE WILL FIGHT ANY MAN IN AMERICA

AT 108LBS OR 110LBS FOR $2,000.

Since he was matched with Nobby Clarke in 1865, the gallant opponent of Dick Holliwood at Gravesend, L. I., four years since, has not figured in the roped arena as a principal, although he has periodically issued challenges to any man of his weight in the country, though thus far fruitlessly. Hearing that there is a chance of his getting on a match now he has forwarded us the appended letter which we submit without further comment:

CINCINNATI, Jan. 24.

ED. NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Sir.*—I will fight any man in America at one hundred and eight or one hundred and ten pounds weight, for one thousand dollars a side or upwards; the fight to take place in Kentucky, Indiana, or Ohio. I send you by express fifty dollars to show that I mean business. JOHN KEATING.

[$50 received—ED. CLIP.]

THE GLOVES IN THE OLD DOMINION.—Johnny McGlade and Tommy Kelly were tendered a complimentary benefit at Millward's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on the 22d ult. In addition to the regular olio entertainment by the company, the Tom and Jerry scene was given, introducing the *beneficiaires*. The proprietor didn't charge 'em a cent for the house, we are told.

HOW IS IT?—A correspondent, who signs himself J. McKendrick, writes us from Clinton, Iowa, to the effect that the seconds of Blake, *alias* "Dublin Tricks," in his fight with Tom Jennings, were James Brown and Frank Mason, instead of Jack Taylor and another, as was published at the time, and up to the present has never been contradicted. He says he was present at the fight, is personally acquainted with all the parties, and knows whereof he speaks. Perhaps others who were present will corroborate the statement, or *vise versa*.

HURROO FOR THE SHAMROCK GREEN.—Mike Noonan, the representative light-weight boxer of the City of Spires, will make an appeal at the Opera House, 600 Broadway, Thursday evening, 6th inst., for the first time in three years, and its doubtful if he'd do it now did not the loss of a lucrative "sit" some weeks since render the replenishment of his exchequer requisite. He has had the promise of a number of good men to assist on the occasion, and for the wind-up Sam Collyer is down on the posters with the *beneficiaries*. It is expected that Mike will then and there proclaim his willingness to fight the winner of the Aaron-Sheppard mill, should it go that far, or any other man in the States at 120lbs. Fifty cents, with a dollar for reserved seats, takes you in.

THE DALLEY AND WHITTAKER MATCH OFF.—The four hundred dollar match between Jim Whittaker and Dick Dalley, made a couple of weeks since at Mahaney City, Pa., is off, through the fault of the former party. A gentleman from St. Clair, Pa., had been chosen final stakeholder without consultation, and upon being called upon by a delegate appointed by each side to transfer into his keeping the $100 a side already posted, he declined to accept the office. They then agreed to meet at a certain place on the following day, where the Dalley party waited from early until late, but Jim's representative failed to show up, and upon being afterward looked up, they said they had forgotten all about the arrangement, when a discussion ensued, and mutual recrimination resulted in the drawing of the money then posted, to the mortification of the Dalleyites, who had been put to considerable expense in the affair.

O'BALDWIN CONTRADICTS ROOKE'S STATEMENT.—Just before going to press we received a telegram from Ned O'Baldwin, stating that he would be in the metropolis during the current week, when he would call at this office and make a formal contradiction of the statements published over the signature of George Rooke in our last issue, which he characterizes as utterly false in every particular. The plot thickens.

SHEPPARD TO McLEAN.—We were waited upon by Patsy Sheppard on the 27th ult., who feels very sore over the letter emanating from Billy McLean published in our columns last week. According to Patsy's say, the statement that the five dollars paid for a single ticket by two gentlemen in the Quaker City was done with the knowledge of he and McLean having fallen out is altogether false, and the money was intended for his benefit and not for that of Bill, who would never have received it had the true facts of the case been known to those parties. He speaks in rather severe terms of McLean's conduct, and denies having run one step from him at any time, which he will prove whenever he encounters the latter.

A BENEFIT FOR REARDON.—The new arrival from the shores of Albion, Patsy Reardon, will take a benefit at New Temperance Hall, Hamilton avenue and Hicks street, South Brooklyn, on the evening of Tuesday, 11th inst., two blocks from Hamilton Ferry. O'Baldwin and Hicks will probably be in town on that day, and as the majority of our A1 boxers will be sure to take this in, rare sport may be anticipated. The wind-up will in all likelihood be between Reardon and Billy McLean. This hall has been secured only after a deal of exertion and much chin music, and the boys will be mindful to conduct themselves in a manner which will render the obtaining of it less troublesome next time. Fifty cents is the tariff to all parts of the house.

OPENED A SCHOOL.—Johnny Grady, who beat Billy McMullen and fought a draw with Billy Kelly, late opponent of Sam Collyer, has opened a school for instruction in the manly art in 6th avenue, between 49th and 50th streets.

McLEAN TO KERRIGAN.—Having heard that Dan Kerrigan had signified his willingness to accommodate him for $100, Billy M'Lean called upon us on the 27th ult., and stated that he was ready to make his offer good at any time; he will meet Dan at any place the latter may select, and fight him the following day, or as soon thereafter as may be agreed upon. Will Daniel come to judgment?

PATSY SHEPPARD will shortly take a benefit in the metropolis, prior to going into training.

YOUNG CHEER AND PUNCH MORRIS.—These feather-weights have been matched to fight for $100 a side.

ARRIVAL OF PETER MAGUIRE.—The California steamer Arizona, which arrived at this port on Wednesday, 22d instant, brought as passenger Peter Maguire, who fought Tommy Chandler January 17th, 1866, for $2,000, when, after sixty-nine rounds had been contested, darkness put an end to hostilities. They were to have met again on the day following, but Maguire failed to appear, and Tommy got the money in consequence.

On the same steamer which brought Pete came P. Jacoby, a well-known *litterateur*, gymnast and sparrer of San Francisco, formerly a pupil of Bill Clarke's.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PRESENTATION TO WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—E. P. Weston, the now famous pedestrian, who created so much excitement by walking from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., is about to be presented with a costly and handsome belt by his backer, Geo. K. Goodwin. The belt is completed, and a full description thereof is given in our advertising columns. It will also be seen that another feat with the feet is being arranged, viz., for Weston to walk one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

A PATRIOTIC PED.—We understand that a man named Crawford has commenced a pedal excursion from Columbus, O., to New Orleans, La., carrying the national emblem over his shoulder. He has adopted an excellent method of testing the progress of reconstruction, but if he don't keep a sharp look out for "Arkansas toothpicks" and similar trifles, we're afraid he won't benefit by his experience.

A LONG DISTANCE WALKIST.—Jim Colbert called upon us on the 27th ult., and stated that he had a man whom he is prepared to match to walk seven miles in one hour, or one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, for $1,000 a side, stipulating for a good track and fair day. Who'll take him up?

SKATING.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Monday, Jan. 20th, was one of the most disagreeable days, meteorologically speaking, that has ever conspired to rough hew the usually even tenor of our probationary existence here below, and we've buffeted with the elements at times when the tussle has sorely taxed our delicate organization. Ugh! The simple remembrance of its bleak cheerlessness almost congeals the blood in our transparent veins, and causes our cuticle to crawl as though some heartless wretch had insinuated a miniature iceberg betwixt our sensitive spinal column and the article which, according to Nelse Seymour, "comes next to a man," but which our modesty forbids us mentioning in this connection. A light fall of snow ushered in the day, and the temperature gradually growing milder, the flakes became smaller by degrees and beautifully less, until in the afternoon they were resolved into a cold, drizzling rain, which seemed to penetrate the thickest covering, and, freezing as it fell, rendered pedal locomotion not only unpleasant but slightly dangerous. Few ventured out of doors except upon compulsion, or else induced to desert the cheerful fire by some extraordinary attraction, and of these more than one found to their sorrow that there was many a slip twixt their cups and their lips. This state of affairs continued until Tuesday night, and, of course, placed an embargo upon the ice carnival for the nonce, after two weeks of almost uninterrupted skating, greatly to the annoyance of thousands of gushing damsels and gay and festive members of the sterner sex who had set their hearts upon indulgence in romantic flirtations, combined with health-giving exercise upon the glittering surface of our skating ponds.

The monarch with the frosty locks resumed his sceptre on Tuesday night, however, and in obedience to his mandate the fierce norwesters whistled and shrieked about our ears, now increasing in violence until they resembled the wail of a lost spirit, and anon dying away in cadence so low and mournful as to cause an involuntary sigh to escape the lips of the listener and his mind to unthinkingly glide into a train of serious meditation. The nipping and eager air exercised a most beneficial effect upon the various ponds, which upon Wednesday morning presented a surface of good ice, though not quite so smooth as desirable. The disappointed ones were quickly on their way to their favorite resorts and during the day all were liberally patronized. The instalment was of brief duration, however, for the weather suddenly moderated during the night, and a heavy fall of rain set in next morning and continued until far into the night, leaving the parks covered with water to the depth of an inch or more and making the caterers for the amusement of the public, in this respect, as grum as though they didn't have a friend in the world, or their sweethearts had jilted them and they were concocting diabolical schemes for the extirpation of the entire race. Friday morning broke bright and clear with the thermometer below the freezing point, and the weather continuing to grow colder and colder, in the evening all the ponds were in superb order, although comparatively few indulged in the sport, not thinking the ice was in proper condition.

On Saturday, however, the joyous scenes of the previous cold snaps were re-enacted with increased gusto, thousands upon thousands gratifying their skating propensities from early morn until late in the night. The free ponds of Central Park were, of course, the great centres of attraction, and there might be seen members of all grades and conditions in life mingling together in the bewildering, ever-varying panorama. Here comes the kid-gloved and elegantly apparelled scion of an aristocratic family who reside on "the avenue," and competing with him in a trial of skill or speed is the expectant heir to the hook and basket of some rag-picker who makes his abiding place amid the narrow, crooked, dirty streets and filthy, over crowded tumble-down shanties which ornament the Five Points. All those nice distinctions drawn by wealth and family in the daily walks of life are for the time being cast aside, and all the opposing elements of our cosmopolitan population join hands and assist in swelling the volume of mirth and joviality, without reference to worldly possessions or station in society. The Park ponds were largely attended upon the Sabbath, also, when most of the others were closed.

Of the private ponds, MacMillian's, Forty-sixth street and Fifth avenue, was the most generously patronized. It is located at a point more easily accessible than the other select resorts, the managers use their utmost endeavors to make all who attend comfortable, and take proper measures to secure at all times the best ice attainable. There was a very large attendance during the afternoon and evening; at night the pond was brilliantly illuminated, rendering it almost as clear as noonday, and though the ice was not in good condition for fancy work, several fine skaters went through the various evolutions of the art to the music of a brass band, who seemed to have an unconquerable attachment for pieces composed long ere they were born. We would politely suggest to them, on behalf of the patrons of the pond, the advisability of turning over a new leaf in this respect.

The Fifth Avenue Park, generally known as Mitchell's, from the fact of its being under the direction of the jovial Hugh Mitchell, also received a goodly share of the public patronage, and Saturday afternoon and evening the pond presented a carnivalistic appearance. This being the headquarters of the New York Club a greater quantity of first-rate artists are ever to be found here than at any other lake in the vicinity of the metropolis, or in the country, for that matter, and this is one of the principal attractions which induces such extensive patronage.

Oatmen's pond, immediately opposite Mitchell's, which, last season, was a favorite resort, seems to have lost its hold upon the good opinion and greenbacks of the public, and 'tis only when special attraction is offered that there is any sign of life about the place, a circumstance attributable in a great measure to the injudicious and illiberal manner they have of lighting the pond, the few lamps distributed at long intervals serving but to render more apparent the gloom which shrouds the spot. Better make a change for the better, Major.

The parks of Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, etc., have all been visited by swarms of lady and gentlemen enthusiasts in the invigorating pastime so promotive of health, beauty and grace, and as all have something extra on the programme, a gala time may be looked for during the current week, unless the snow storm which is in progress as we write should have the effect of rendering their arrangements null and void.

DONOGHUE MAKES SCOFIELD TAKE WATER.

WHO WILL GIVE TIM A TRIAL?

The world of skaters, who for some time past have been exercised over the prospect of a match, wherein speed and ability to endure fatigue were to be the winning cards, between Tim Donoghue, of Newburgh, and Selleck S. Scofield, of this city, have once more to chew the cud of bitter disappointment in consequence of the failure of the latter to make good his bombastic pronunciamento. It will be remembered that a couple of weeks ago a challenge was issued by Scofield, proposing to skate any man in the country any distance from ten to fifty miles, for a sum to be mutually agreed upon. Whether he imagined that the boldness of the *defi* would frighten into silence all who made any pretensions to superiority in that direction, and he would, therefore, be enabled to claim an enviable title without risk, we cannot positively say; but if he had such an idea it was quickly proved erroneous by the prompt response of the Newburg skater and boat puller, who for the past five years had been on the look-out for just such an opportunity, and jumped at the offer. He came to this city on the 15th ult., and endeavored to have an interview with Mr. Scofield, but upon calling at his place of business the latter refused to see him, preferring to wait until the week following, he said, although courtesy alone should have prompted him to settle the preliminaries at once, after Donoghue had taken the trouble to come to the city, and doubtless would, had Scofield the least intention of making the match which subsequent developments go far to disprove. Unsuccessful in this, Donoghue called at the CLIPPER office the same day and deposited $50 as an earnest of his desire to meet Scofield or any one else at any time. The day following we received a letter from Scofield, stating that he would meet Donoghue without fail at this office on the 22d ult. We notified the latter at once, and at the appointed hour his brother was on hand to make the necessary arrangements and increase the amount of the deposit. Tim not being able to attend in person; but after waiting until long after the designated hour, and no word of Scofield, he took his departure, convinced that the Gothamite never meant business by his challenge, which the circumstances of the case certainly warrant him in believing. The delinquent has never been prominently before the public, and as his *debut* has reflected no credit upon him it isn't probable that he ever will be extensively known outside his own circle. Donoghue has left his $50 in our hands as forfeit for a match with any man in the States or Canadas, to skate one mile or upwards, for from $500 to $1,000 a side. We generally have the best ice in February of any month during the winter and it is to be hoped that some of our skaters will accept the challenge and give us the desired tilt ere the close of the season. Wake up, all ye who skate and are fast skaters.

MATCH AT MITCHELL'S.—The gentleman's skating match, originally fixed to take place at the Fifth Avenue Park on the 20th ult., but afterward postponed until later in the week, couldn't be brought to an issue in consequence of the unsettled weather and bad ice, and has therefore been deferred until Tuesday, 28th ult., when, should the elements prove accommodating, and Jack Frost remain on deck, fine skating and good sport may be expected at Mitchell's. Messrs. Griffiths and Avery have signified their intention to compete, which swells the list to seven.

BASE BALL ON ICE.—The Eagle and Empire B. B. Clubs are to indulge in a game on the ice this (Tuesday) afternoon, 28th ult., at the Satellite Pond, Williamsburgh, L. I.

SKATING VS. RUNNING.—One of the fleet-footed residents of the metropolis is stated to be very desirous of having a spin of one hundred yards on the ice with any skatorial lightning calculator in the country. He proposes to make a match for $500, and allow the skater twenty feet of skating up to the scratch, in order that he may not lose anything at the start. This looks like a good chance for some of our fast sliders to make a raise, and we are puzzled to know why some of them don't take up the gauntlet, if only to discover whether the challenge is *bona fide* or not. Out with it, lads.

PRIZE SKATING ON THE HUDSON.—The Troy Skating Park on the river presented an animated appearance on the 21st ult, the majority of those in attendance, on runners and as lookers-on, being attracted to the spot by the contest for a handsome pair of skates, between Miss Josie Frear and Miss Fanny Murns, of that city. The prize was awarded to Miss Frear, who exhibited much more than ordinary proficiency in the more intricate and mystifying movements incidental to the art. A pair of skates were also awarded to Messrs. Burgess and Stat for the excellence of their performances.

SCOFIELD ATTEMPTS A FEAT.—Selleck S. Scofield, the would-be champion fast skatist, although he don't fancy the idea of backing up his claims with the article that "talks all languages," as his failure to cover Tim Donoghue's $50, deposited at this office, proves—has entered into an arrangement to display his powers at Eastman's Park, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st. It is said that he has laid a wager of $1,000 with James E. Andrews, of Brooklyn, that he will skate 100 miles in 20 hours, which may be so and then again it may'nt.

A VALUABLE PRIZE.—The championship medal offered by Messrs. Herveys and Johnson for competition at the grand tournament to be held on the Keystone Skating Rink, Alleghany City, Pa., commencing Tuesday, 4th inst., is not only the most valuable, but likewise the most elegant prize ever presented at a similar affair in this country, and ought to ensure the attendance of all our first class artistes. It has been manufactured in this city and the design is a golden model of a club skate, suspended to which by two cable chains is a gold medal, and between the chains a five-pointed star, set with diamonds and precious stones. On the face of the medal is the inscription, "Champion of America," and on the reverse space for engraving the names of the winners. Its reputed value is $500.

THE SKATING SEASON is at its height in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Manager Eastman is doing his best to bring all the skatorial celebrities in the country to his park this season. Martin, the gymnast skater, and Carrie Moore, the "Skatorial Queen," commenced an engagement there January 24th, and have carried everything before them. Martin, says a correspondent, "is an excellent skater in his peculiar line, but was taken down somewhat in his toe waltz and Zouave drill by Miss Moore, who did them to perfection, dancing ten minutes on the ends of her toes."

THE KEYSTONE RINK.—This favorable resort of the steel-shod mortals of the Smoky and Twin cities was the scene of much enjoyment, coquetry and flirtation during the week ending Jan. 25th, the ice being in admirable condition and the pond crowded day and evening by a brilliant assemblage of the youth, beauty and fashion of the coaly district. Callie Curtis, a dashing young expert, fairly enchanted the beholders with feats remarkable for grace and daring. A grand fancy dress carnival was announced to take place on the 30th ult., and the belles and beaux were in a flutter of expectation concerning it.

DEATH FROM OVER-EXERTION.—Another instance of the injurious effects of skating, when the system is over-taxed by excessive indulgence in the sport, is furnished by the death of a little girl named Susan Troat, at Columbus, O., on the 20th ult. Her limbs were paralyzed, lockjaw ensued and spasms were produced by agonizing pain, in one of which she died. Skaters cannot be too careful in this respect.

CHAMPIONSHIP SKATING TOURNAMENT.—Last season the managers of the Central Skating Park, of Pittsburgh, Pa., took the lead of all others in the country by offering a splendid gold medal and a cash prize of $400 to the best gentleman skater, and $300 to the most expert feminine exponent of the slippery art, E. T. Goodrich taking the first and Miss Frothingham, of Rochester, N. Y., the second prize. This year their neighbors of the new and elegantly fitted up Keystone Rink, Alleghany City, lead the van, and if their praiseworthy efforts to increase the popularity of this most beneficial exercise meet with proper encouragement, they bid fair to eclipse all previous affairs of this description. They propose holding a grand skating tournament, commencing on Tuesday, Feb. 4, and offer over $1,000 in prizes as an incentive to competition by our leading artistes. The principal prizes will be a gold medal, set with diamonds and precious stones, and valued at $500, the winner to be declared champion. The skater scoring the second highest number of points to receive a cash prize of $100, and to the best lady skatist a pair of club skates, plated with silver and ornamented with gold, will be presented, in addition to $100 in greenbacks. These valuable presents will doubtless secure the attendance of the leading artistes of both sexes in the country, and thereby make the proposed tourney the most attractive exhibition of the kind that has ever taken place among us. For additional particulars we refer those interested to an advertisement elsewhere in this week's CLIPPER.

PROF. ENGLER, familiarly known as "Jersey John," the famous steel-clad waltzer, polkaist and jiggist, of the sweet potato raising region, executed a variety of manoeuvres on the ice of the Trenton, N. J., pond on the 24th and 25th ult.

EASTMAN'S SKATING PARK.—The good people of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who are addicted to the pleasures incidental to propulsion upon steel runners, are indebted to H. G. Eastman for the establishment of one of the finest skating ponds in the country, and to show their appreciation of his enterprise they have largely patronized the lake since its opening, a few weeks ago. On the 18th ult. the Poughkeepsie Skating Club, which constitutes one of the principal attractions of the resort, offered two prizes for competition in a hurdle race, E. W. Clark capturing the principal trophy, and Mr. Davis securing the honors and leather medal to which his position as last home entitled him. Mr. Clark was also matched to skate half a mile in seventy seconds, and won in sixty-eight and a half. The club numbered some fifty members, of the feminine portion of whom the Misses Morris, McGeorge, Clark and Whipple and Mrs. Vassar are most distinguished for their skating abilities, while Jerome Deys, Whipple, West, Crosby, Clark, Winslow and Davis, are chief among the sterner sex, the former being the admitted champion. They have a commodious and well arranged club house upon the park, and frequently give receptions, public and private. The club intend taking a trip to Albany shortly, when they will be accompanied by the Eastman College Band, and propose, during the present month, to offer $500 in prizes, which it is hoped will attract the best artists, male and female, in the country. Miss Carrie Moore was to display her ability and pretty ankles at this pond on the 24th and 25th ult.

ICE BOAT RACE.—The ice boats Kane and Franklin are announced to compete in a race at the Satellite Pond, Williamsburgh, L. I., on Wednesday, 29th ult.

SKATING IN PHILADELPHIA.—The proprietors of skating parks in the Quaker City are offering their patrons unusual attractions the present week, each striving to outdo the other in the way of novelties. At the Central Skating Park, a second fantastic coterie was announced for January 27, with fireworks and music, and the various decorations which add to the beauty of these frigid entertainments.

The Harrison Skating Park, where the ice is advertised to be "like a mirror," a "fairy scene nightly" can be witnessed, with "special police always in attendance," and "no liquor sold on the premises." Bad for the skaters who love their peppermint and tansy.

The Arctic has secured the services of Alexander Hilger, Jr., the one-legged skater, who was recently disporting his leg on the icy surface of the ponds in this vicinity. Hilger is quite a curiosity in the skating way.

The National is to have its fourth masked ball on the 29th, when colored lanterns and various other lights will add brilliancy to the scene.

On the North Broad Street Park, a fancy dress carnival has been arranged for Jan. 28th, "weather permitting," the proprietor very judiciously announces. Fireworks are also to be displayed on the occasion, and a band of music will enliven the scene.

The Columbia relies on its ice, which is said to be a big thing, and in an excellent state of preservation. Hail Columbia!

The Keystone, in the south-eastern section of the city, goes in for enjoyment on a solid basis, without any of those ornamental attractions so popular at the other ponds.

The Philadelphia Skatorium is the high-sounding title of another pond in the south eastern division. It promises skating, snow or no snow.

Altogether the skatists of Philadelphia are well provided for in the way of ponds, and, thus far, the attendance at most of them has been pretty large.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHAMPION IN CHICAGO.—*Apropos* of McDevitt, he made a "triumphal entry" into Chicago on the 21st ult., the proceedings incidental to which, if they proved nothing else, demonstrated that the Chicagonians are an exuberant and excitable people, liable at any moment to "get off the handle." An exchange thus describes this novel episode in the life of a billiard player:—"Carriages had been provided for the distinguished comer and others in the party, and, beside this, fifteen members of the Great Western Band were in attendance, and discoursed 'music soft, music sweet,' for the occasion. On leaving the depot the order of procession was formed in the following order:—Band of music; friends of Mr. McDevitt on foot, followed by several carriages, in the first of which was seated McDevitt, the Champion of America; Foley, ex-Champion, and Rhines, champion of the State of Illinois. The procession halted at several of the more prominent billiard halls, where liquids and cigars were indulged in, and after several short calls of this nature, finally brought up at Tom Foley's establishment on Dearborn street. After much 'call for what you want,' or words to that effect, the champion and his friends adjourned to the restaurant of David Runnion, 'hard by,' and seating themselves at the well filled tables, did ample justice to the estables therein provided. After partaking heartily of the solids, the party, over many a bottle of sparkling wine, spent the evening in song singing, story telling and things of like ilk. What with her tunnels, her skating parks, her charity balls and her champion billiard player, great is Chicago."

CONTEST BETWEEN WICKS AND BRAISTED FOR $100.—On the 21st inst., William Wicks and Peter D. Braisted, Jr., tested their skill at French caroms. The number of points was 100, and the amount of stake $50 a side. The game was played at Braisted's popular billiard rooms, No. 14 Fourth Avenue, in presence of an audience mainly composed of experts. Wicks, who was in fine play, while Braisted's cue arm seemed a little stiff in the articulations, had quite an easy thing of it, winning by the remarkably large majority of 53 points, or more than "discount." The best runs were—Wicks, 15, 10, 7, 7, 5, 5; Braisted, 5, 5, 3, 3. The averages were respectively two and one-third, and one and an eighth. The game occupied fifty-eight minutes only.

Afterwards, a match was made between Mr. Wicks and Frank Dennison, who marked the game, for $100 a side, the other terms being the same as in the match just concluded. Dennison and Wicks will probably play at Braisted's during the current week.

While French caroms are our theme it may as well be stated that there is probability of a match being made between Mr. Wicks and Robert T. Ryall, of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. A passage-at-arms between players of such equal mettle would prove very interesting, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of fine sport, that the proposed match will be made at an early day.

A MATCH FALLS THROUGH.—Capt. James L. Boyle and an amateur, were to have played for $150 a side, at Chris. O'Connor's grand *salon*, on the 21st ult. The match was, however, suddenly terminated by the amateur suggesting a "draw," which suggestion Capt. Boyle was not loth to comply with. According to the "articles of agreement," Boyle was to play caroms to the amateur's full game, 500 points up. Out of consideration for the gentlemen who had gathered to witness a stirring contest, the game was played for a secondary stake, the principal feature of which was fluid for the company, amounting to twenty-five dollars worth. Boyle was beaten eight points out of the 500.

FOSTER AND FLYNN.—It is currently reported that efforts are being made to bring about a match between Melvin Foster and Tim Flynn, the former to give the odds of 700 in 1,500. Foster, we understand, is willing to take chances on giving Flynn 500 points; but, like almost everybody else familiar with Tim's game, considers the odds of 700 so excessive as to leave the giver not a ghost of a chance to win.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.—Melvin Foster, of this city, and John McDevitt, of Chicago, will, it is now thought, play for the championship and $1,000 in the latter city about the first of April. The game is to be 1,500 points, caroms, push shot allowed, but "jawing" barred.

A BILLIARD MATCH between S. Clancy and J. J. Dymond came off at the "City Club Rooms," 225 Bowery, on the 26th ult. It resulted in the success of Dymond, who won by twenty points, utterly defeating Clancy and pocketing the $250.

A NEW BILLIARD SALOON was formally opened in the Quaker City on Wednesday, the 22d ult. It is located on Seventh street, below Arch, and Charles Webner is the proprietor. The attraction for the evening was a game of 1,000 points between E. H. Neims, the Pennsylvania champion, and Victor Estephe. The play of Neims, though he has been out of practice for some time, was steady throughout. His highest runs were 274, 247, and 136. Estephe managed to score 212 on one run, the result of some pretty around the table shots and nursing. Neims came off victor—his score being 1,002 to Estephe's 603. The average of the victor was 42½. Time two hours.

NEIMS VS GOLDTHWAIT.—Efforts are being made, we understand, to get on a match for $250 a side, 1,500 points, caroms, between E. H. Neims, of Philadelphia, and Wm. Goldthwait, Dudley Kavanagh being Neims' representative. If Goldthwaite declines then Mr. Kavanagh is empowered to negotiate with some other cueist.

THE PENNSYLVANIA BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—R. T. Ryall, it is announced, is about to challenge E. H. Neims to play for the above honorable position and its accompaniments.

AQUATICS.

HUDSON ASSOCIATION ELECTION.

The annual meeting of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association was held at the house of the Atalanta Club, on Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., President Benj. F. Brady, in the chair, Mr. H. G. Hashagen, secretary pro tem., and Mr. Wm. Mainland, acting treasurer. The clubs represented by delegates were the Atalanta, Gulick, Waverley and Columbia, of New York; Palisade and Vesper, of Yonkers; Atlantic, of Hoboken; Mutual, of Albany; and Hudson, of Newark. The important business of the session was the election of officers for the year 1868. Messrs. Gilbert and Amelung were appointed tellers, and an informal ballot taken for president, which resulted as follows: David Banks, Jr., 14; Benjamin F. Brady, 6; Hamilton Wallis, 6; blank, 1. Mr. Wallis withdrew his name, and a formal ballot was taken, which gave for Banks, 19; Brady, 3; Wallis, 3; Mainland, 1. Mr. Banks was declared elected. For first vice president Messrs. J. G. P. Holden and F. Shay were nominated. Upon balloting, Holden received 19 votes and Shay 7. Mr. Holden was declared elected. For second vice president, Messrs. Graves and Roosevelt were placed in nomination. A ballot gave 19 for Graves and 7 for Roosevelt. Mr. Graves was declared elected. Mr. H. G. Hashagen was elected recording secretary by acclamation. For corresponding secretary, Messrs. Richard C. Elliott and E. S. Magrane were named. A ballot gave Elliott 21 votes; Magrane, 3; blank, 2. Mr. Elliott was declared elected. Mr. Theodore M. Tuthill was elected treasurer by acclamation. On motion, the following persons were declared unanimously elected officers for the year:—President, David Banks, Jr., of the Waverley Club; First Vice President, J. G. P. Holden, of the Palisade Club; Second Vice-President, Mr. Graves, of the Mutual Club; Recording Secretary, Richard C. Elliott, of the Vesper Club; Treasurer, Theodore M. Tuthill, of the Atlantic Club. The president elect was conducted to the chair, and after thanking the members for the honor conferred upon him, proceeded with his duties. The application of the Excelsior Club, of New York, for membership in the association, was referred to a select committee of three—Messrs. Withers, Shay and Roosevelt, who were appointed by the chair. Messrs. Brady, Wallis, Roosevelt, Tuthill and Holden were appointed a committee to revise the constitution and laws of the association, and report within one month. In referring to this meeting the Yonkers *Gazette* remarks:—"After the appointment of a committee to prepare a suitable testimonial to Mr. Brady—a handsome acknowledgement of his earnest and very successful labors in behalf of the association during the first year of its existence—the meeting adjourned, to partake of the genial hospitality of Mr. Banks, the social portion of the exercises being kept up for a couple of hours. Mr. Banks, the new president, is a gentleman well known in aquatic circles, and an ardent admirer of athletic sports. He is an able and worthy successor to Mr. Brady, the retiring president, who was prevented from being a candidate for re-election by a clause of the constitution which says 'no officer shall serve, nor shall the same office be filled by a delegate from one club for two successive years.'"

PAPER BOATS.—George Waters, a crack amateur oarsman of Troy, N. Y., has secured a patent for the manufacture of paper boats and has entered into the business extensively.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

CHARLES JOHN KEAN.

THIS well known tragedian, the cable telegraph informs us, died in England, on Jan. 23d, after a protracted illness. He was born in Waterford, Ireland, Jan. 18th, 1811. He was sent to Mr. Style's Seminary at Thames Ditton, and subsequently to the school of the Rev. Mr. Polehampton, Rector of Greenford. In 1834 he became an Etonian, remaining at that seat of learning three years, and quitting it owing to a disagreement between him and his father August 1st, 1827. At the time of his leaving Eton, an appointment in the army serving in India had been obtained for him, but he declined it on account of his mother's ill health, his father having estranged himself from her; touched with her distressing position, he resolved to adopt the stage as a profession. Mr. Stephen Price, the well known American lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, London, having heard how the son was situated, and thinking the name of Kean a powerful talisman, immediately made him an offer of an engagement at Drury Lane for three years, with a salary of £10 a week, to be increased to £11 and £12, during the second and third years, in case of success. He accordingly made his *debut* at Drury Lane on October 1st, 1827, as Young Norval, in "Douglas." The audience received him throughout with indulgence, encouraged him by frequent approbation, and called him out at the close of the tragedy. The next morning the papers were unanimous in condemnation. Not simple disapproval, or qualified censure, but sentence of utter incapacity—stern, bitter, crushing and conclusive. There was no allowance for youth and inexperience. The crude effort of a school-boy (for he was then but sixteen) was dealt with as the matured study of a practised man. The papers gave no quarter, but went in unanimously to burn, sink and destroy—an overwhelming fleet against a little light-armed gunboat. Charles Kean was struck with dismay, and his first impulse was to abandon the stage in despair. He wished to cancel his engagement with Mr. Price, but that manager declined, and urged him to persevere. He continued on at Drury Lane through the season of 1827-8, occasionally repeating the character of Norval, varied by Selim, in "Barbarossa," Frederick, in "Lover's Vows," and Lothaire in "Adelgitha." The papers, whenever they condescended to notice him, did so with abuse; and, at last, heart-broken, he left London for the provinces. He appeared in Dublin, April 20th, 1828, as Young Norval, and met with a cordial reception. During his tour through the provinces, and while at Glasgow, he was in close proximity to his father, who was then at a cottage he had built at the Isle of Bute. Notwithstanding their estrangement, father and son met, and young Kean was received in the most cordial manner. A temporary reconciliation took place, which led to a proposition from the elder Kean to act one night in the Glasgow Theatre for his son's benefit, on the 1st of October, 1828, the anniversary of his first appearance in London. They appeared as Brutus and Titus in Howard Payne's tragedy of "Brutus." A few days before Christmas of 1828, he resumed his engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, and although he remained a member of the company, his services were seldom required. He took a second trip into the provinces and acted with his father in Dublin and Cork. In October, 1829, he accepted an offer from the management of the Haymarket Theatre, London, to play six nights, during the concluding fortnight of the season, for which he was to receive £20. He played Reuben Glenroy, Romeo, Sir Edward Mortimer and Frederick. For the first time he felt that he had succeeded, and Fortune, that stern coquette, now began to favor him; he was offered a long engagement, but he preferred seeking his fortunes in the New World, and crossed the Atlantic in the ship Caledonia, making his first appearance on the American stage, Wednesday, September 1st, 1830, at the Park Theatre, New York, as "Richard the Third." Great kindness and encouragement here met his efforts, and he succeeded eventually in establishing an enduring American reputation. Some years ago, at a public dinner at Waterford, he said: "Sick at heart, I left my home and sought the shores of America. To the generous inhabitants of that far land I am indebted for the first ray of success that illuminated my clouded career." On the 20th of September, 1830, he appeared in Philadelphia as Richard. He visited nearly every city in the country, playing to crowded houses. On his second appearance in Philadelphia, his reception was all that his best anticipations could have pictured, or warmest wishes desired. His tour in this country lasted nearly two years and a half. In January, 1833, he sailed for England in the ship Ontario, and arrived at Portsmouth on February 11th, having been forty days on the voyage. While descending into the boat to go ashore, he fell overboard and narrowly escaped drowning. Soon after his arrival he was engaged by Mons. Laporte, manager of Covent Garden Theatre, at a salary of £30 a week; he opened in Sir Edward Mortimer, but was coldly received. On the 25th of March, 1833, the Elder Kean and Young Kean acted for the first and only time in London, the former enacting the Moor and the latter Iago, Miss Ellen Tree playing Desdemona. After a tour round the kingdom, he returned to London June 3d, 1839, and was engaged by Mr. Webster for the Haymarket Theatre, at a salary of £50 per night and a benefit. In August, 1839, he again crossed the Atlantic, and in September appeared at the National Theatre, in Church street, New York, under the management of the late James Wallack. A series of fatalities seemed to attend his second visit to this country. When he commenced he was suffering from an affection of the throat, exertion made his voice give way, and on the fourth night he entirely broke down. At Boston, in December, 1839, he narrowly escaped a frightful catastrophe. While acting Rolla, and standing between the wings, preparatory to his entrance for the dying scene, the child was brought to him; he stepped a pace forward to receive it; the leaders of the "supers," named Stimson, who was also waiting to go on as one of the Peruvian soldiers, moved into the spot he had left vacant; at that moment a heavy counterweight fell from the machinery above and crushed Stimson to death, his blood profusely sprinkling the dress of Rolla as he rushed on the stage. A renewed attack of the bronchitis, soon after this, compelled Kean to suspend acting, and he visited Havana for the benefit of his health. After a pleasant trip there, he returned to New York in April, and on the ninth of May, 1840, steamed to Europe by the Great Western. On the 1st of June he commenced his second engagement at Haymarket, which continued for thirty nights. On the 29th of January, 1842, he was married, at the church of St. Thomas, in Dublin, to Miss Ellen Tree. By this Mr. Kean not only secured his domestic happiness, but obtained a large addition to his worldly means and an invaluable co operator in his theatrical career. During the summer of 1843, Kean concluded his three years' contract at the Haymarket. In 1845, a tempting offer was made him and his wife to re-visit America, and laying aside several engagements, they embarked for the States on August 2d. They appeared with immense success at the Park Theatre, New York. During their engagement there in 1846, Mr. Kean produced "King John" and "Richard the Third" on a scale of splendor never before or since surpassed by any theatre in Europe or America. In the summer of 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Kean returned to England. At the close of 1848 he was selected to conduct the "Windsor Theatricals," a series of private performances at the Castle adopted by the Queen and the Prince Consort. In August, 1850, in partnership with Mr. Keeley, he commenced a two years' lease of the Princess' Theatre, London. On the 22d of November, 1852, Mr. Kean became the sole lessee of the theatre. On the 29th of August, 1859 Mr. Kean retired from the management; his last play was "Henry the Eighth." On the 26th of September, 1863, they arrived in Australia, and, on October 12th, opened in "Hamlet," at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne. Took their farewell of Australia, April 30th, and, on the 1st of October, arrived in San Francisco. Made their *debut* in that city, October 8th, at Maguire's Opera House, in "Henry VIII" and "The Jealous Wife." On the 15th of January, 1865, they commenced a second engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. Arrived in New York and made their *debut* at the Broadway Theatre, April 26th, 1865, in "King Henry the Eighth." After remaining in this country for several months they returned to England and commenced an engagement at Liverpool, where he was taken suddenly ill May 29th, 1867, with disease of the heart and was unable to perform. On June 5th he was removed to Buxton. At a consultation of his physicians on June 24th it was stated that he must have rest for six months. He was next removed to Salt Hill, near Slough, but he continued to grow worse and died as stated above.

MATCH AT ALL-FOURS.—Hezekiah Billings, of North Parma, N. Y., made a wager of $10 that he could walk two miles and a quarter, on all-fours, in two hours and a half. He attempted it on the 18th inst., and accomplished the task in two hours and six minutes.

SNOW SHOE RACE.—A pedalistic match for a century between Bill Arnold and Jim Ripper, half a mile and return, in snow shoes, was decided on the flats, Hoboken, N. J., on the 23d ult. Ripper went along at a ripping pace and finally won in 12 minutes, 5 seconds.

CURLING.

NEW YORK VS. CALEDONIAN.

A match for a handsome silver medal presented by the President of the Grand National Club of America, and bearing the following inscription: "Presented by David Bell, on behalf of the G. N. C. C., to the N. Y. Caledonian and New York clubs," was played between the above clubs at the Central Park pond on the 25th ult., each side having six rinks. The ice was in admirable condition, and the day just cool enough to render the exercise productive of agreeable sensations, which were heightened by occasional inroads on Sultry Balmoral, as is the custom with the wearers of the kelt and plaid. The play on both sides was superb, but as will be seen by the subjoined score, the New Yorkers held the winning hand from the commencement. Mr. Dalrymple, of the St. Andrews Club, gave satisfaction by his umpiring. The game lasted about five hours. Score:—

NEW YORK.		CALEDONIAN.	
J. Adie	31	J. Templeton	29
J. C. McQuhae	37	W. Livingston	21
J. Taylor	32	J. Love	25
W. Kellock	26	J. Gillies	26
J. Gibson	23	M. Baxter	31
R. McMorrine	22	D. Johnson	32
Total	171	Total	164

CONTEST FOR A MEDAL.

Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather of Monday, 20th ult., the members of the Thistle Club met in a friendly contest for a silver medal, presented by J. Willie, at the pond in Jersey City. There were thirteen competitors, and the trophy, after a spirited contest, was carried off by W. R. Lyon, who defeated Mr. Meachen in playing off the tie. We present the score:—

Wm R. Lyon	5	Mr. Edwards	2
R. H. Holab	4	John Frame	4
John Pringle	2	Mr. Meachen	5
James Stevens	4	Mr. Loughridge	2
John Bailey	4	John Donnelly	1
Mr. Moore	2	John Halliday	4
Andrew McKnight	2		

TROJANS PULL TRIGGER.—Walter Hackney and George Rotherham, dwellers within the walls of modern Troy, N. Y., tried their skill on the 20th ult., in a match at 19 single birds each, 20 yards rise and 100 yards boundary, for a century. The last named proved winner by a score of 12 to 7, to the chagrin of George, who has been looked upon as a first class triggist and was very confident of victory. Jake Acker, of the House of Lords, is stakeholder in another match, said to be for $500 a side, to take place on the Troy road sometime this month.

DOGOLISTIC CONTROVERSY.—A little sport was furnished those who relished it, at Flint, Mich., on the 11th inst., between Ewer's dog Crib and Fearance's dog Fred, the fight being for $75 a side. Ewer handled his canine while Fred was manipulated by Mr. Chamberlain. Odds of two to one were offered on Crib, which won after a hard battle, occupying forty-eight minutes. Both animals are well known throughout the west, Crib weighing 30¼ lbs. and Fred 32¾ lbs. The attendance was quite large, although the affair had been kept quiet.

KINGS COUNTY RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Nova Scotia organization was held at Kentville, on Jan. 8, and from the report of the Council we learn that the association has now two hundred and fifty-six members and is in a flourishing condition. A good range has been leased in the vicinity of Kentville and six patent Butts erected at great expense. The following officers were elected: President, Lt. Col. Chipman; Secretary, Lt. Col. Clarke; Treasurer, Capt. Smith.

THE TIGER AT BAY.—A gambling case came up before Judge Cardozo on the 24th ult., in the Supreme Court, in which R. P. Noah sues John Pentland and Ezra P. Weston for $1,365, which he alleges they won from him unfairly at faro.

THE HUDSON, N. J., COUNTY COURT was engaged last week on the case of McKay & Co., of New York, against David McDaniels, lessees of the Seacaucus race course, to recover for liquors furnished.

THE STROLLER'S FUNERAL.

A Sketch from the Life.

BY WATTS PHILLIPS.

The procession consisted of about fifty persons, male and female, some of them arrayed in the most extravagant manner, and none without a piece of black of some sort worn conspicuously as a mark of respect and mourning. A cart, or rather a platform on wheels, supported the coffin, which was covered by no pall of "deep funereal blackness," but with a flag upon which, in huge scarlet letters, appeared the inscription, 'GRIMBLE'S,' the flag having originally waved in front of the showman's booth. Upon the coffin, whose shape was painfully visible through the gaudy flag, lay several wreaths of flowers in company with a battered trumpet. The cavalcade, streaming along an avenue of stately elms, had now reached a turn in the road which brought them close to a gate, from whence a path winding in and out among grass-grown graves led up to the porch of the grey old church. The ceaseless noise of the drums startled the echoes about the venerable building from a sleep of many years, and compelled them to join in the disreputable clamor, while whole colonies of rooks rushed out of the tree tops and made the air eloquent with their fear and indignation. Behind the car, and mounted on a donkey, whose head was adorned on either side with a huge black bow, was a boy between ten and eleven years of age. His eyes were red with weeping, and he was wiping away the fast falling tears with a long rag of crape that depended from his hat, and drooped, when not performing the duties of a handkerchief, down his back, or floated heavily in the wind like the sombre flag of a buccaneer. On one side of the donkey was a sturdy, thick-set fellow with a short pipe in his mouth and a cudgel in his hand, with which, at every pause in the march—and the pauses were frequent—he belabored the donkey. On the other side of this persecuted animal walked a tall man in a suit of sables, so threadbare and white in the seams as to have the appearance of half mourning. In the band of his hat was stuck a black ostrich feather, or rather the backbone of a feather. His aspect was so lugubrious as to seriously disturb the equanimity of the shorter man with the pipe. An open wagon, decorated with small black flags and filled with women, followed next, supported on either side by a troop of men marching in single file and bearing two banners, one inscribed "Davis' Royal Circus," and the other "Topper's Troupe." They had now come to a halt in consequence of the clerk's refusal to permit the drums, or any other portion of the funeral ceremony, with the exception of the coffin and the mourners, to enter the churchyard; even the donkey he insisted should be left outside, nor be allowed to profane ground, as he indignantly phrased it, "that warn't consecrated for hasses." Accordingly, after much grumbling, the coffin was removed from the platform to the wall, while the boy was lifted off the donkey, he being too lost in grief to do anything for himself, and a reorganization of the procession took place, the flags, as a preliminary, being planted on each side of the gateway, a proceeding that would have been inevitably opposed by the conservative clerk had not the sexton brought a message from the clergyman to the effect that the coffin should be brought along directly, as he was in a hurry. The coffin was brought along as quickly as the most impatient could have wished, and the whole burial service conducted at much the same pace. The sexton plied his busy spade, and the dull clods came rattling down, shutting out from many a tear-dimmed eye all that remained of the poor stroller. Then the procession, filing out of the churchyard, took its way along the sunny road again, and halted in front of a large old-fashioned public house, the resort of farm laborers and brickmakers, and appropriately named the Loggerheads. In a large field adjoining this place were drawn up several wagons belonging to various showmen, who, partly from a natural indolence which dictated a week's holiday as a necessary adjunct to three days' consecutive labor, and partly from a desire to assist at the interment of the old showman, had remained in the neighborhood of the town thus long after the conclusion of the fair. I have described the funeral; it will, therefore, be scarcely out of place to devote a few lines of description to the banquet that succeeded it. At one side of the field a large canvas tent had been erected to hide from the public eye a long table, upon which was spread, by general subscription, a plentiful feast, consisting of a round of corned beef with carrots, two boiled legs of mutton with turnips, and two boiled legs of pork with a mountain of pease-pudding; a pleasing variety of food, which an Irish gentleman, the light comedian of Topper's troupe, somewhat inappropriately designated as the "funeral baked meats." The same gentleman it was who, at a later period of the evening, proposed, as a toast, the health of the deceased, shedding torrents of tears to the memory of one whom he regretted he had never known. Tom Davis, the once rival showman, took, by general desire, the head of the table; Topper the centre, and Goggs, (the clown) who commenced the business of the evening with a dismal groan, the foot. During the repast conversation was entirely dispensed with, each person acting upon the principle of "only one thing at a time, and do it well;" the estables disappearing with a celerity scarcely surpassed by those vanishing viands that mocked the palate of Sancho Panza. The last dish removed, tankards and bottles appeared upon the table. The pipe of peace went round, and after many preliminary "hems," of a force that would have done credit to Sir Roger de Coverley, Mr. Davis arose, and, amid a general silence, proposed that the first glass should be drank to the memory of Joseph Grimble, "late of this cirkst," accompanying the proposition with the following brief but effective oration:—"Ladies and Gen'lmen—I feels awk'ard in addressing you from this unaccustomed platform, it being in general my own trumpet, and not another's, as I am called upon to blow. I will not ask you to walk up upon this occasion, becos you're all here; and as to beggin' of you to come forrard, you've already done it handsome in payin' for the very respectable repast we've just devoured. Howsomever, as I'm a man of few words when they ain't in the way of business, I'll come to the pint at once, for this kind of speechifying is like takin' hoops in the ring, the quicker you're through the more satisfaction you gives to the company. You all knew poor Joe Grimble, who was in his day, which was afore many of you was born, the best rider, the best conjurer, and, till he got screwed with the rheumatics, the best split hornpipe in Europe." The speaker paused to raise a brimming tankard to his lips, which he replaced empty upon the table. Soothed by the genial draught, and encouraged by the applause of the company, after drawing his coat sleeve slowly across his mouth, he resumed—"I can't say there was much love lost between us. We was rival showmen, and as two of a trade never agrees, we never came together but to fall out. But that's all past and gone, and now he's dead, and we're quit of him, I honors his memory and laments over his grave." There was a pause and a draught from another tankard before Mr. Davis was enabled, as he called it, "to squench his feelin's," and in a voice of increased huskiness to proceed. "I've know'd him, on and off, man and boy, for five-and-fifty year. Our acquaintance began at Bartle My's, where we used to go on as the Babes in the Wood. It must have been a beautiful sight to see us a-walkin' on hand-in-hand, he a-pinchin' my fingers and I a-kickin' his shins, for, as I've said, we never could agree nohow, but used to fight even under the leaves. Ah! it's all one now; we're here to-day and gone to-morrow, a motter as must have been made for showmen. We can't have it fair day all the year round, and there's no pitch in the 'varsal world but Death's sure to come at last, like the parish constable, and turn us out of it." And with this acceptable simile, which was received by the company with uproarious cheering, Mr. Davis terminated his *oraison funebre* and sat down, after proposing "Joseph Grimble," a toast which was drank by all present in solemn silence. This ceremony over, a loud cry was raised for Goggs, the clown, and that "sad presaging raven," after seeking in vain to be excused, rose from his seat—damp and dismal as a November fog—and croaked out a recognition of the honor received. "He had lost," he said, "his best friend, but we must all die some day, and no one could say when or how the stroke would come. It was possible," and he glanced drearily round at the lengthening faces, "that not half of us now present would see the year out; nay, he shouldn't wonder if some went off in a week, for there was much sickness about, and he'd had some very unpleasant dreams lately. He liked to see people enjoying themselves, he might say, on the very brink of the grave, but that was human natur'. He wasn't going to distress them now, for both men and women had their troubles, and the children, bless 'em! what with measles, hooping-cough and scarlet fever, he wondered their mothers could sleep a wink for 'em. He thanked them heartily for the honor they'd done his late guv'nor, who'd gone the way they must all go, and when he (Goggs) stood but a few hours ago in the chu. yard, and now as he looked at the happy faces surrounding him, he couldn't reflect without tears that very likely at least one of 'em wouldn't be above ground this day fortnight. However, while we was here, it was right we should enjoy ourselves, and before he sat down"—here he heaved a profound sigh, and shook his head several times—"he would beg to be allowed to propose the general good health of the company;" which he did in tones of such deep despondency that each person at the table looked doubtfully in the face of his neighbor, as in expectation of seeing him fade bodily away from his side. But the gloomy effect was soon dispelled by the introduction of more lively topics, and, as with the Egyptians of old, the *memento mori*, which at the commencement of the banquet had been apparent to all, was soon forgotten; or, if its presence were still recognized, the fleshless jaws no longer preached a warning nor the hollow eyes looked a reproach. With every fresh bumper a rose was added to the garland that, falling over those bony brows, shut out from the revellers the terror of the face. There is no antidote against the opium of Time, nor, at least so the drunkard will tell you, can any grief withstand the temporary oblivion of drink. So Joseph Grimble, ere many hours had passed, had found a second burial in the memory of his friends.

MENTAL ACTIVITY DURING SLEEP.—An officer in the Louisburg expedition, in 1757, was so easily imbued with thoughts during sleep by a whisper, that his brother officers were wont to amuse themselves in this way at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dreams, followed by bodily movements or actions, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to have met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and he was awakened by the report. On another occasion this same officer was found asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin. His companions resolved to lead him into the belief that he had fallen overboard, and then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated all the motions of swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly threw himself off the locker, in diving fashion, with such force as to bruise himself on the floor. This, of course, awakened him. On a third occasion, after the landing of the troops at Louisburg, his companions found him asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe he was engaged in action, when he expressed great fear, and showed evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fear by imitating the groans of the wounded and dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who had fallen, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself had fallen, whereupon he instantly sprang up, rushed out of his tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes.

THE great, perhaps, take as good charge of their posterity as the ants; the eggs once laid, the male and female ants fly about their business, and confide them to the trusty working ants.

WE believe in a middle path for flowers after their death; the souls of the lilies probably go into woman's forehead; hyacinth and forget-me-not-souls into woman's eyes; and rose-souls into lips and cheeks.

LIKE the two-headed eagle in the fable, which watched with one head while it took nourishment with the other, the man of the world must look at once within and without, unblinded by what is within, unalarmed by what is without.

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And when you've got his spoils and stamps,
And you're sure they are not few,
You're getting rich, you son of a gun,
By paddling your own canoe.

The world will then look on and laugh,
And applaud you heartily too,
For they made their riches, the sons of guns,
By paddling their own canoe.

And when you've learned to paddle well,
Why teach your children too,
If you want them rich, you son of a gun,
They must paddle their own canoe.

THE GORILLA LET LOOSE.

(Not by Barnum, but)

BY BRUTAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I am a member of the Board of "Non Accident and Mischief Preventive Commissioners." My duty—that is to say *our* duty—is to perambulate the Metropolitan district, and see that all awning posts are securely fastened, swinging signs properly adjusted, telegraph poles in good condition, mad dogs knocked on the head; in fact, to guard the public from all the dangers likely to befall a pedestrian in this great metropolis. *Our* Board has no funny end man to deal out his bad jokes; no peepers to inspect a man's premises after 12 P. M.; never insult a citizen when he is unfortunate enough to be brought before them; never "deprives a poor man of his beer"—on the contrary, our Board take their beer whenever they can get it, provided nothing stronger can be had. Last Christmas day, after going my rounds and seeing everything secure, I turned my face homeward. In the neighborhood of Broadway and Bleecker I met a "brother member," shook hands and *asked* him to take a smile. We droped in a "sample room," shook hands and smiled. Discovered my pocket pistol was empty, asked the obliging barkeeper to replenish—obliging barkeeper replenished. Smiled all around and made our exit—saw a large crowd—wanted to know what was up—discovered a six foot policeman exercising himself on a four foot German American citizen. *Cause*, four foot G. A. citizen full of lager and *wont* move on. Told my friend to hand the six foot policeman over to the "Board of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," while I gave the four foot G. A. citizen in charge of the "health commission." Last I saw of my friend he had the policeman in charge—policeman somewhat in advance, with hand tightly grasping my friend's collar and his club beating the "devil's tattoo" on the pavement. Thought I would go home—started down Broadway—got near Barnum's—saw a large banner strung across the street, and on it a gigantic ape grasping a nearly naked colored lady with his left arm. In his right hand he brandished a young cocoa nut tree. Several colored gents, armed with guns, were in the back-ground, led on by a white person, no doubt the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau in that locality. I gazed on the picture, horror struck; my hair riz—inspected my pocket pistol—hair went down. Again, what if this animal should get loose? I would be responsible to the board for all the mischief he might commit. There was agony in the thought, and my hair riz again. Must see that he is securely fastened; looked at bottom of the banner and saw thus:—Admission 30 cents, et ceteras $2.50 extra. Resolved to go the admission. Paid 30 cents. Walked in. Heard a bell ring—saw a man ringing the bell—man took a piece of chalk out of his vest pocket and marked up some numbers on a black-board—two colored citizens opposite anxiously examined two long slips of paper; one of them smiled and said he had a hit; don't know what he meant; man with chalk had 4, 11, 44, on the board—said he knew how much it came to before he put it down, and then added it up to prove it—said he calculated by lightning. Asked the fat woman to show me the Gorilla—fat woman shook her head—asked the Circassian girl to show me the Gorilla—Circassian girl smiled and asked me to take her life—asked her if she was weary of living? She was not weary of living and would not take the world for her life, but would sell it for 25 cents, currency. She held up a small volume to my view—looked at it—saw it was Gulliver's Travels under another name—took her life and put it in my hat—saw a sign: "this way to the Gorilla"—went that way, but didn't see the Gorilla—saw lions, tigers, and such like—saw they were securely fastened; came to a large cage—seemed to be empty at first glance; looked again, and saw something coiled up in one corner—looked at sign, "Wonderful Gorilla;"—heart jumped in my mouth—saw he was securely fastened; more so than the lion, more so than the tiger, more so than any of the animals. Heart went back to its proper place. Asked the keeper to stir him up a little—keeper said the animal had just eaten a bushel of apples and a peck of peanuts, and he could not be disturbed until they had digested. Inspected my pocket pistol—asked the keeper to inspect. Keeper said he was a T. A. B. Inspected it for him. Thought I would look at the pantomime till the Gorilla digested—couldn't see stage—heard the music—colored man stood on back of seat in my rear—colored man leaned familiarly on my shoulder—colored man expectorated on the back of my shirt collar—wiped it off with his elbow—said "Excuse him, thought I was his brother," asked if I wasn't glad the South was free? Said I was. Wanted to introduce me to his brother—looked around, could not find his brother—thought I would see if the Gorilla had digested. He had, and was siting up scratching his toes—took a good look at him—inspected my P. P. and took another look—thought he was not so big as he might have been had he grown larger—not so dangerous as I thought—he stood erect and scratched his fifth rib with the tip ends of his digits—thought I saw a gleam of intelligence in his left eye—almost positive he winked at me—inspected P. P. and winked back—Gorilla showed his ivories and placed his fore finger on his lips—heard exclamation, are you a philosopher—started back in amazement—examined my dress—did not wear a white coat—pants were not in my boots—hat did not rest on the back of my head—had no copies of Radical papers sticking half way out of my pocket—thought I was mistaken—about to examine P. P.—heard the same exclamation—looked around bewildered—could'nt be the fat woman, she was busily engaged oiling her hair by rubbing her arm over it—nor the Circassian Girl, who was intent on disposing of her life to a white-headed Jerseyman for a quarter—nor yet the living skeleton, who was playing a bone solo with his index and middle fingers. Could it be the Gorilla? Glanced at the keeper—he was snoring. Exclamation again. This time was positive it *was* the Gorilla: he drew near the bars, and beckoned mysteriously; I approached nearer, he exclaimed, "I could a tail unfold;" bewilderingly I asked him where he picked up Shakespeare; he pointed toward the stage, and answered, "bad actors." I nodded approvingly—he said he was tired of this cooped-up life, would like to see how the world looked outside; asked me to get him a substitute while he took a stroll; said he was perfectly harmless; looked at him sharp—though he was. Colored man came up with his brother, whom he had just found; bright idea entered my head—asked colored man's brother to go substitute for Gorilla while he was taking a walk; colored man's brother asked where Gorilla was going—told him he was going to the City Hall to get his papers made out—wanted to vote next election—if colored man's brother would run for alderman Gorilla would vote for him. On strength of this promise, colored man's brother said he would go substitute. Gorilla pulled out four bars of the cage, and came out, while colored man's brother went in—told him if keeper looked at him to scratch his ribs—Gorilla pulled down one of Gordon Cummings' skins—placed it on his shoulders, then, arm in arm, we sauntered out on Broadway, Gorilla and myself.

"Now I am free!" he shouted, in hoarse tones, "free as air." His figure swelled to a gigantic size as he spoke; he beat his paunch fiercely with his fist, which emitted a sound like a kettle-drum; I grew alarmed and tried to control him. I was a mere infant in strength to him: he thrust me from him and flew like wildfire down Broadway; an old colored lady was selling corn on the corner; to seize her in his arms was the work of an instant, and away he dashed. I raised the cry, "Stop Gorilla!" thousands echoed the cry—down Broadway we hurried pell mell. Policemen, boot-blacks, news boys, one confused mass; still onward he sped. We reached the Park; the Gorilla sprang up the steps, with his lovely burden still in his arms; up a column to the roof, thence to the dome; I shouted madly to him to desist; I stumbled and fell over one of the chains. When I recovered my senses, I heard confused whispers—I rubbed my eyes—I was leaning on the railing in front of the Gorilla's cage—the pantomime was over, and the audience were eagerly jostling each other to get a view of the "great curiosity." There he still sat, scratching his toes, looking as mild and as harmless as an organ-grinder's companion. My P.P. was M.T.

Stage Censorship.

Concerning the censorship of the stage, an English writer gives the following curious idea of the sort of scene which takes place when the Censor—the Lord Chamberlain—having refused a license, has granted an interview to the despairing manager, with a theatre full of artists, whose work is suddenly stopped because a new piece is not to be brought out. He says;—

"I will only ask the reader to imagine that a few well known lines, which I will quote, were to be spoken in a play, and that the chamberlain was sitting in judgment on them. What shall they be? It matters little, for his lordship will extract 'offence' out of anything—the evening hymn, or 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' which latter he would suspect was a fling at the order of the Garter.

"'Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed
Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
Harper cries—'tis time, 'tis time'

"Lord Chamberlain (reading the incantation)—'Brinded cat'—you mustn't say 'brinded cat'—it was what they called Queen Charlotte, and people may think there's an allusion. 'Harper'—take out that name; I know a very respectable man named Harper—you should avoid offence; true wit, if allied to good nature, you know—ha! ha! 'Eye of newt and toe of frog'—leave out that frog; it looks like a hit at the French, and we don't want that now. 'Liver of blaspheming Jew'—that won't do—the Jews go to the theatre a good deal. 'Nose of Turk'—why, the Turkish ambassador had a box yesterday night at your house; I am surprised at your ingratitude, my dear sir. 'Open locks, whoever knocks'—I suppose that's a fling at the people whose locks Hobbs picked. I think you had better leave it out; they are respectable tradesmen. 'Murderer's gibbet'—bad allusions just now. 'Thane of Fife'—my dear sir, I tell you that was Lord Fife's ancestor—we must not wound family feelings. 'Birnam Wood'—that's Burnham Beeches, I presume; lay your scene further off, as several noblemen have their seats there. 'Eight kings, the last with a glass in his hand'—that is too bad, the King of Prussia is most wickedly traduced; he never drinks—take it out, of course. And upon my word, I think you had better omit the whole scene, for it is not in good taste, and people will think it some attack upon somebody. Let us try to give no offence—no offence."

JAPANESE VS. ETHIOPIANISM.—An item is making the circuit of the press to the effect that "during their recent stay in Richmond, Va., the famous Japanese troupe were followed by a crowd of negroes every time they made their appearance on the streets, and were subjected to all sorts of criticism, which they bore patiently until one of the darkeys remarked, in a voice loud enough to be heard above the rest, "Yah! yah! dey ain't nothin' but niggers," when the excellent old gentleman who used to hold the boy in the tubs on his feet, exclaimed, "Oe lie; wee no nigga," accompanying the exclamation with a blow which knocked down the darkey and frightened off his companions.

THE SKELETON IN THE CHAPEL.

A short time ago, after I had retired to my room for the night, some events occurred so extraordinary and unaccountable, that I can no longer refrain from laying them before the public, in the hope that some ingenious person may be able to throw some light on the tissue of supernatural proceedings which took place before my eyes, and which I am anxious to write down exactly as they occurred, while they are still quite fresh in my memory.

But, that my tale may not be supposed to be merely the result of an excited mind or a superstitious temperament, I solemnly assure my readers that I am not nervous, and that I do not—or rather, that I did not—believe in ghosts. Disbelief in the supernatural was almost a part of my religion, and many a time have I laughed at my sisters as they walked along the passages of our old house, clinging to each other and peering carefully into all the deep recesses and dark corners, after some tale of horror had been told in the twilight, making their blood run cold. To me such stories were mere evidences of the credulity of my neighbors, as I never failed to account for them all satisfactorily to myself, by the admission of human agency, and concealed mechanism. But now my creed is shaken and my security gone.

I must first describe my home. Part of it is so old that no accurate date has ever been assigned to it, though popular tradition asserts that it was built by one Sir Ralph de B., the boon companion of madcap Harry, and the sharer of the wild frolics of his youth, and in his steadier and regal days his devoted follower through many a bloody field, on one of which he won his spurs, being knighted by his master on the field of battle. At length, being full of years and honors, he obtained permission of the monarch to retire from active service; and enriched with the spoils of war, he proposed to end his days in peace and comfort in the strong castle he had caused to be erected on the spot where my paternal home now stands, and of which one dilapidated wing, now remaining, forms part of our present habitation. This wing I must describe minutely.

The ground floor consists of a long, low room, formerly the dining hall and now used as a lumber room. It has a deep recess for a fire-place at one end, and in the other and along one side are narrow lancet windows, through which the light tries almost in vain to penetrate, so thickly are they overgrown with ivy. Above this are several decaying floors, which divided the dining-hall from the living-rooms, and these again from the chapel, which, in accordance with the beautiful notion which prevailed in the olden time, was built near the roof, that the prayers of the believers might the more readily ascend to Heaven. The stones with which it was built were fast crumbling away, and were thickly covered with moss and lichen; the rafters overhead were few and broken and gave easy access to the birds and bats who were now its only inhabitants. This desolate scene often brought to my mind the lines in the beautiful poem of a great author now lately dead—

"The wild bird rears its callow young
Where once the pealing anthem rung."

The more modern part of the house, which was of the date of Queen Anne, had been built by Sir Hugo de B., when he had retrieved the fortunes of his family by long service in foreign parts, and returned to England in the early part of the eighteenth century to find the home of his fathers a burnt and blackened ruin; for his father, so runs the legend, had offended Cromwell by conveying secret assistance to King Charles, and in revenge the Roundheads set fire to his castle one dark night and burnt it to the ground, all except the portion described above, which somehow escaped the flames. This old part was joined to the new house by a long, dark passage, now never used, and the door at the end, which opened into the remains of a kind of gallery which ran along one side of the chapel, was kept locked and bolted, and had been so from time immemorial. My own room was the nearest inhabited one to this passage, and was near enough to the ruin for the screams and wild cries of the strange birds, which often assembled there at night, to reach my ears and sometimes almost prevent my sleeping; and often too I heard the wind whistling and moaning round the old walls like a melancholy spirit; but these sounds never made me nervous, I knew too well what they were. More to please my friends than myself, a loaded revolver was always kept beside my bed, in case of any adventurous burglar climbing up the rotten old stairs which led from the dining hall to the chapel and thence along the edge of the battlement to my window—a thing which might easily be done.

On the night in question, from force of habit, I examined the loading and priming of my barrels before going to bed, and felt convinced that I was fully a match (with such effective friends as they were) for any man who might choose to disturb my slumbers.

For some reason I could not go to sleep, and lay tossing restlessly in my bed, getting more and more angry at my unusual wakefulness, and occasionally consulting my watch by the light of the moon, which streamed brightly into my room. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, and still I lay wide awake. I was just thinking, in dispair, of getting up and taking a book, when I heard a sound, so mysterious, so thrilling and yet so distant, that I ran hastily to the window to see whether some person was not calling for help in the park. I could see nothing, and was trying to convince myself that it was all imagination, when the sound was repeated; and this time there was no doubt about it, it was the cry of a woman; a wild, despairing, agonizing cry, and now it sounded nearer. I was turning to the door, intending to rush out and give the alarm, when a hand was laid on my shoulder—a cold, icy, heavy hand. I turned my head and saw—nothing! The pressure of those fingers was distinct, firm and resolute. I was rooted to the ground with horror. Then from out the silence rose again that bitter shriek, more wild, more agonizing, more prolonged. I cannot describe the horror of it, nor can I describe the sense of utter helplessness and incapacity which seized me while those icy fingers pressed on my shoulders; they seemed to chill and freeze my very being and almost to deprive me of consciousness. I had an intuitive feeling that I must make a strong effort, or lose my senses. I made it. I sprang forward, seized my revolver and fired it wildly over my shoulder. The fingers relaxed their hold. I heard a low, mocking laugh and something like a cold breeze passed by me. I began to breathe again and looked round. Unconsciously I fixed my eyes on the broad ray of moonlight that streamed into the room. As I looked at it another ray of light, cold and blue, seemed to cross it at right angles; by degrees it became clearer and a certain part of it seemed to grow more dense. Gradually it assumed a form; the form of a child, with its hands clasped over its heart; and between its fingers trickled—oh, horror!—a stream of blood! I could not take my eyes off it. It came nearer, floating on in that false moonbeam. It came close to me, stopped, raised one hand and beckoned me to follow. It was not courage, nor my own wish, but an irresistible impulse which compelled me to follow it. Slowly it glided through the door, which opened of its own accord, along the long unused passage, through the bolted door at the end, and which opened like the other, into the gallery of the old chapel. Again it raised one hand and pointed into the chapel below and vanished. But how can I describe the sight which met my eyes? The chapel, instead of wearing its usual desolate and ruined aspect, was now gorgeously decorated in that rich and fanciful guise of which the Roman Catholic worship admits. But the details I could not distinguish, for it was but dimly lighted by two candles near the altar and one small lamp in a distant corner. By degrees the light grew brighter and flickered on the golden chains of the censors, and on the bright gilt frame of the large altar-piece, and disclosed to me the scene which I will endeavor calmly to paint, though the recollection of it and the horrible sensation of that cold hand, which I again felt on my shoulder, almost deprives me of the power of calm reflection even now. Had it continued longer I am convinced I must have gone mad. On the altar steps lay the form of a lovely boy, dead, and with a stream of blood flowing from his heart, dyeing the stone with its crimson stain. Near the body of the murdered child stood a girl with head averted, listening to the words of a young man who was evidently entreating her to grant some request, for he knelt on one knee before her, and in so doing turned his head. Shall I ever forget that countenance? So wicked—so hypocritical—so demoniacal! He held a dagger in his hand, but held it out of sight of the girl, whose face I could not see, but whose size and figure gave me the idea of her being about seventeen or eighteen years old. He seemed to beg and beg more earnestly, and she as firmly to refuse. Suddenly he started to his feet and pointed to a distant corner of the chapel, where I saw the lantern gleaming. The girl turned her face imploringly towards him. I caught sight of it as she did so; it was pale and beautiful, and her long tresses of light waving hair hung negligently down her back. This time she seemed to be imploring and he refusing; at last she fell to the ground, fainting, and, with a glare of triumphant malice, he seized her by her hair and arm, and dragged her across the chapel to the spot where the lamp was burning. I followed them with my eyes, and saw—a hole in the wall, evidently recently made; a workman, with stones and mortar, standing beside it. Could he?—no, the idea was too horrible—and yet, yes, he *is* going to wall her up alive! I tried to scream, to leap headlong into the chapel; but no, I lost all consciousness from that moment.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on the ledge which I have described as forming the remains of the old gallery, the moon shining coldly through the rafters, and the chapel in its usual state of solitude and ruin. I began to hope it might be all a dream—a fearfully vivid one; but no, the door which had opened of its own accord to my supernatural guide, was now locked and bolted on the *chapel* side, so that it *could not* have been unfastened from the passage. By climbing down the crumbling wall I reached the floor of the chapel, thence by a stairway to the battlements, along the edge of them to my window, which was fastened on the inside; breaking a pane, I undid the latch, and let myself in. The door was locked on the inside. One of the barrels of my revolver had been fired. This, then, was no dream—no fancy.

As soon as I saw the first laborers coming to their work in the morning, I called to them to come to the chapel with pickaxes, and desiring them to pull down the wall which last night had appeared so freshly disturbed, but which now was moss-grown like the rest, I sat down to view the result of the investigations. As I expected, the wall returned a hollow sound at the first blow; and ere long a perfect skeleton was discovered. The surprise of the workmen was great, not so my own. What a fearful tragedy had been enacted here! But who were the actors? Who were the victims?

Since writing the above I have made a careful search through the family papers, in the hope of eliciting something which might throw some light on the dark scene in the chapel.

After much trouble in deciphering the old half-destroyed records, I think I have succeeded. On one torn scrap of parchment I find the following words: "In ye yeare 1620 dyed Sir Reginalde. To his sone, young Master Raymonde, the good knight leaves his all; in default of heirs, the inheritance will go to the sister of the young Sir Raymonde, Mistress Elizabeth, now aged of eighteen years."

Another story, and one which seems to apply strongly to the scene I witnessed, I gather from the tattered remains of a kind of journal kept probably by some old retainer of the family. "One nighte of this yeare (1621) a sad tragedie did happen. The younge Sir Raymonde and his faire sister were loste. Mastere Guy, who had come to the castle in hopes to win for his wife his cousin, Mistress Elizabeth, caused great searche to be made for them, and soon brought newes that the body of the younge Sir Raymonde had been found by himself lying deade on ye steps of ye high altare, slain, as it did seem, by a dagger. Nor had more than three daies passed when he did declare to us that likewise the bodie of his faire cousin was found, in a river of water, distant five miles away, and that his vassals were bringing her dead bodie in a faire coffin to be buried in the olde chapelle with ye bodie also of her brothere. Sir Guy was now, by inheritance, master, and did give orders for the burying of his cousins. Ye bodie of our deare Mistress Elizabeth came, nailed up in a coffin, so that none of her olde retainers did look on her sweete face again. For her loss they grieved much; the more that Sir Guy was a hard mastere to them, and being false both to Cromwell and to Charles, his castle was burned about his ears, and he was forced to fly for life to France. We heard he was slaine in a duel, and no one grieved for him."

I had the supposed coffin of Elizabeth de B. examined, and, as I anticipated, it was empty; nor was there a trace of its ever having been otherwise. This is all I have been able to glean on the subject, and it certainly affords a key to the scene which I saw, and the skeleton, which was exhibited to many, is one proof amongst others that what I went through that night was no dream, but an inexplicable vision actually seen by my waking sight.

NAUGHTY DOINGS EVERYWHERE.

SENSATION TRIAL.

In reference to the coming trial of Gen. Cole for the murder of L. H. Hiscock, at Stanwix Hall, Albany, in June last, the Albany, correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* makes the following remarks:—"This trial promises to be one of the most important that has occurred in this country. The prominence of the actors in this affair, the cause and manner of the death of Mr. Hiscock, and the determined efforts that will be made to condemn and acquit the prisoner, will give an interest to the trial which will be felt everywhere. The line of defense is not known by the accused. Since his confinement he has left the whole case in the hands of Mr. Hadley, and that gentleman professes to have unearthed some facts which Gen. Cole says will startle the people as much as it has him. In all probability the defense will take the ground that the murder was committed under a temporary insanity—brought on by coming suddenly in contact with a man whose deeds of wrong were fresh in the accused's memory. Gen. Cole, by his own statement never premeditated the taking of the life of the deceased, unless under certain circumstances. As soon as he was apprised by her own lips of his wife's dishonor, he announced to her his determination of a separation, but how best to bring that about without bringing all the facts before the public, and have his wife and little ones made the subject of the scorn and derision of the neighbors, worried him the most. He finally decided that the best thing he could do was to come to Albany, and there consult with Mrs. Cole's brother, the Hon. Henry D. Barto, a member of the Constitutional Convention from Tompkins County, then turn Mrs. C. over to the future care of the latter, and, finally, notify Mr. Hiscock that he must leave the country within 10 days—for if he came across him at the expiration of that time he would kill him. To set at rest the stories that Mrs. Cole and the accused came to Albany in a different train, Gen. Cole informed the writer of this that they both came together and took two rooms at the Delavan House. In one of these Mrs. Cole remained, while in the adjoining one her husband apprised her brother of his sister's dishonor, and his own determination as expressed above. The only consolation he says he received was the proposition of Mr. Barto to go and see ex-Gov. Alvord, a warm personal friend of Mr. Hiscock, and see what he thought of the matter. This idea maddened the General. He thought there were enough persons who knew his dishonor, and that if it went any further every one would make him and his family the subject of sneers and scorn. He forbade Mr. Barto saying a word to any one, and then announced his determination of going and seeing Mr. Hiscock alone, where they could talk over the matter.

He left the Delavan House determined to seek Mr. Hiscock in his own private room, and tell him what he proposed to do, and, if the latter refused to leave the country, he intended to offer him a second pistol (which he had bought the day before), and give the deceased a fair show for his life. No idea of murdering the man in the manner he did ever entered his mind. He considered the deceased a coward and felt that if he threatened, it would be sufficient. He started for Stanwix Hall Hotel, perfectly cool and collected. Yet, when he opened a side door, he saw many men standing there, and the thought that every eye was upon him, and that every one knew of his dishonor, maddened his brain. When he reached the clerk's desk, and saw standing there the very man he was hunting for, he was seized with a kind of delirium, and he remembers nothing else until he was in the hands of the law. He cannot say whether he spoke to Hiscock or not.

Although the conclusion was different from what he had anticipated, Gen. Cole does not regret having committed the act. In fact, the evidence to his mind has become stronger and stronger every day that the world is well rid of the deceased. If it be allowed on the trial, Gen. Cole says it can be shown that the deceased practiced for almost a lifetime the same wrongs upon other families that he did upon his; that not only were the victims generally from the walks of married life, but innocent young girls confided to his care, to be escorted from the church to their homes, were assaulted by him upon the street with the object of satiating his brutal passions; and furthermore, that one of his victims, the wife of a once happy home in Syracuse, is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum, the result of his acquaintance. Even some of those who were at one time the most vindictive in this assault upon the action of Gen. Cole, have since found out that they, too, have been the victims of the deceased. These statements are given to you as they were to me. They may be the creations of a man who is not content with sending his victim into eternity, but must blast his reputation forever; but they were stated calmly and confidently, and with the assurance that if a chance were given they could all be proved.

The General says that the sentiment and feeling of the people of Syracuse is, as far as he can learn, strongly in his favor. This is especially the case so far as the ladies of that city are concerned. Scarcely a day passes that he does not receive a call or letters from this class, who show their warmest sympathy in his behalf. Occasionally he receives boquets. One of these now helps to make his cell more cheerful.

There is one thing certain, Gen. Cole, by his own statement, never knew, until he saw the inside of an Albany jail, the extent of the criminal intercourse between his wife and the deceased. When he came to Albany he thought he knew all. Since his confinement facts have been given him which have startled him, and convinced him that his wife has withheld from him many things she should not have done. He does not think she acted so with any intention of criminally deceiving him, but to spare his feelings as much as possible.

Scarcely had he left home four years ago when the assaults of the man in whom, above all others, he had trusted, commenced, and that, too, upon a sick bed, beside which he was called as a counsellor. The first act, by Mrs. Cole's confession, was Mr. Hiscock raising her in bed and kissing her. After she recovered the deceased visited the house on several occasions on business connected with her husband, and during one of these visits he attempted to outrage Mrs. C. against her will in the hallway of her residence. Not succeeding, he partly, by coaxing and then by threats, persuaded her not to inform her husband. Another time he attempted the same thing, and was again unsuccessful. Finding brute force would not accomplish his ends, he added to it the insinuations of an Iago, and between the insinuations that her husband did not care for her or he would not go to the wars when there were plenty beside him who could better afford it, and the threats of exposing her as soliciting his favor, the deceased accomplished his purpose. Until his confinement Gen. Cole thought that his wife was always the unwilling victim; but he is now convinced that for a time she was fascinated by the deceased, and that their criminality extended so far that Mrs. Cole had to go through the perils of an abortion at the instigation of her guilty companion. This information has astounded Gen. Cole. At first he did not believe it; but the facts, as furnished by his lawyer, are too strong for him to now doubt it.

During the whole of these five years the wretchedness of this woman must have been intense. At one time, when on a visit to her husband in the army, she attempted suicide, and he was obliged to send her home without ever being able to find out why she attempted the rash deed. In these years her nature seems to have been completely reversed. When he went away, she was as kind and loving as any woman on earth; when he returned home, to use his own words, "She made it a perfect hell for me." But, after he was there awhile, she changed again, and the General is convinced that her affection for him had returned—that the deceased was no more to her than a plague which had gone, but had left some of its blighting marks behind. Still, she was far from being the same cheerful woman she was before the war. Something still oppressed her, and he never could find it out. He only did so, finally, through some suspicious movements of the deceased on the streets, and a subsequent indiscreet remark of a Mrs. Cuyler. He met Hiscock on the Saturday afternoon previous to the murder, in Syracuse, and he seemed to be anxious to avoid him. This, coupled with the remark of the deceased, of "when are you going back?" (meaning to New York) raised the suspicion in Cole's mind that the deceased had been cheating him in some money matters connected with his wife's estate. He nursed these suspicions until he reached home. The first person he met was Mrs. Cuyler, and to her he addressed the remark, "By Jove, I think Hiscock has been wronging me. I met him today, and he seemed anxious to avoid me, and when he couldn't, he asked me when I was going away." Thinking Gen. Cole knew all, Mrs. Cuyler innocently remarked, "Well, General, there is some talk about that flirtation." Finding him still more surprised, she concluded he was not aware of his wife's doings, and she refused to answer another word—thinking it was merely a harmless flirtation. He asked Mrs. Cuyler's husband about it, and from him learned facts which startled him. The interview with Mrs. Cole followed, and she then made the confession already familiar to the public, closing it with the words, "George, this is the happiest moment I have had for four years. What a load has been lifted from me!" The rest of the story is told above.

Not one word ever crosses Gen. Cole's lips denunciatory of his wife. He loves to talk of the days when they were so happy together, and when, to use his own words, "she was the purest woman I ever saw or knew." If she is not that now, not on her does he lay the blame. She was merely the little bird in the power of the snake. If she was led astray it was not through any love for wrong, but through the threats and craftiness of a man who knew her natural timidity and took advantage of it. Mrs. Cole has visited her husband only once since his confinement. Although it would be unpleasant for both to meet, still he has given orders that if she applies for admission to the jail to grant it. She is at the residence of her brother, and with her are her two children—two girls, aged 12 and 14 years. He receives excellent treatment from the officials in the jail. Mrs. Cole will not be a witness on the trial. The stories about her insanity are false. She at one time gave evidence of it, but she never was a hopeless lunatic. Her husband's position has added to her troubles.

THE SOCIAL EVIL IN PARIS.

RESULTS OF THE EXPOSITION EXPOSED.

A Paris letter writer says that "as the engine, which puffs and snorts along the narrow line, disappears from sight, bearing after it the unsold produce which its owner had been at so much pains and expense to convey to the Great International Exhibition of 1867, one cannot help feeling some sympathy for the load of care and disappointment by which it is accompanied. And what remains of all this vast show, which by the help of ten thousand navies and *terrassiers* will have entirely disappeared from the surface of the earth with the last day of the year which gave it birth? The answer may be found in the swarms of painted harlots attracted hither by the Exhibition, and now left to float like so many bubbles on the great ocean of the misery of Paris. Their numbers render the Boulevards impassable after a certain hour of the night. The 'social evil' has increased to such an extent that it has become the subject of inquiry by the government. From the Madeleine to the Bastile do these poor, wretched beings, still attired in the summer finery in which they shone forth during the Exhibition-time, go shivering along, pacing the pavement from sunset to sunrise, famished with hunger, burnt up with fever, yet shaking with the cold, a living reproach to all the splendor which greets them on their way; and the tears roll down their painted cheeks as they try to grimace a smile as the *gandin* passes them by, hurrying from the opera to his club, heeding nothing but the inconvenience to his own precious person of wading through the mud across the pavement to his carriage. The boulevards are actually fermenting with this strange leaven of human wretchedness; and the gay and pleasant reflections once suggested by the brilliant shops and illuminated cafes are all saddened by the contrast of those hollow-eyed, hungry-looking victims, whose mirth is even more piteous than their despair, and whose laughter rings above the rattling of the balls and the loud disputing of the billiard players."

CONCUBINAGE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE FATE OF ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN.

One of those sudden and horrible revelations which burst forth upon society like a thunder-clap, and startle the most careless and languid, on Friday, Jan. 24th, formed the subject of an investigation before Coroner Keenan and Dr. Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics. It is nothing less than the abominable practices carried on in a private lying-in establishment, which were exposed to view in all their naked hideousness, and which, while throwing open to public view the secret crimes which sap a nation's life, reveal also the misery of which the mothers of shame and the offspring of vice are the victims. The institution at which the investigation took place is kept by Mrs. Catharine D. Putnam, *alias* Madame Parselles, a buxom widow of about forty years, and is located at No. 147 West Seventeenth street, and is known as an establishment where women, who are not wives, resort during the period of their confinement, and where the illegitimate offspring of heartless parents are left for adoption. The manner in which these disclosures were made is as follows:—On Thursday afternoon a woman signing her name as Catharine Connolly called at the office of the Board of Health and requested a burial permit for an infant named Joshua Moore, about two months old. The remains of the infant she had with her in a box, and stated that she was about to convey the remains to the office of the Commissioners of Charities, No. 1 Bond street, to have the same interred in the City Cemetery. She was furnished with a certificate of death signed by Dr. James W. Ranney, of No. 317 West Twenty-ninth street, and giving the cause of death as convulsions. Dr. Harris became rather suspicious, as the same woman had been there before under similar circumstances, and he therefore questioned the woman, who stated that the remains of the infant had been given her by a woman calling herself Madame Parselles, who lives at 147 West Seventeenth street. As the certificate gave the place of death as No. "14" West Seventeenth street, it was deemed irregular, and the woman was detained. Dr. Harris at once notified Coroner Keenan, who, accompanied by Dr. Wooster Beach, Jr, proceeded to investigate the matter. The Coroner and Dr. Beach visited the house, and on questioning the proprietress, Mrs. Putnam *alias* Parselles, she informed them that the deceased had been left with her about a month ago by a veiled lady whom she did not know, to have the child adopted, and that they had named the child Joshua Moore. She took care of the infant, but he sickened and died. During the sickness the infant had been attended by Dr. Ranney, who had given the certificate. Dr. Beach, after reaching the house, found there three young women who were in an advanced state of pregnancy, and who were to stay there until after their confinement. There were also three infants in the house, each of them about a month old. They were pale, sickly babes, apparently dying from want of proper nourishment. These children, Mrs. Putnam said, had been left with her to be adopted. It was also learned that Mrs. Putnam had formerly kept a similar establishment at No. 741 Greenwich street. The police were placed in possession of the house, and no communication was allowed between the inmates.

As the evidence elicited at the Coroner's inquest is too voluminous for the CLIPPER's columns, we cull from the *World* that which is most important:—

Catharine Smith being sworn, testified: I have lived with Mrs. Putnam for over four years; I first saw her in Greenwich street; I went there in answer to an advertisement as a seamstress; I did sewing and helped to take care of the babies; we had from five to seven a month at 741 Greenwich street; we have been here since August last; I can't say how many children we have had here from that time; sometimes more, and at other times six a month; I attend to the children night and day; I give them aerated bread with milk and sugar to eat; we boil the bread in water and then put in the milk and sugar; we keep them perfectly clean. I first saw deceased about three weeks ago; a woman left him here; she came in the afternoon; she wanted to know if we would take care of her friend, and I told her we would take the child for thirty dollars and its clothes, and keep it until it got a good home or died, when we would bury it. Deceased and two twins died in this house; the twins died last week; Dr. Ranney attended the twins; a child belonging to a friend of our washerwoman died here a week before last; Dr. Vosburg and Dr. Ranney both attended her and said she died of marasmus; those three I have mentioned are all the deaths within two months; I gave the body of the deceased to the washerwoman to take; Mrs. Putnam was sick in bed at the time; there are two women here to be confined, and one that is boarding here; we named deceased ourselves; I know nothing about the women who live here.

A lady boarder named Anna Smith testified: I reside here and came here a week ago last Monday for the purpose of being confined; I made no arrangements as to what should be done with my child; I have said nothing to Mrs. Putnam on that subject; I came here from seeing an advertisement in the *Herald*; I have never seen deceased; I never saw any children here except a little girl until yesterday. I and two other women who are boarding here, always remain on the top floor.

James W. Ranney, M. D., testified: I reside at 317 West Twenty-ninth street; I am a physician; about two weeks ago I was called to see the deceased and found him very much emaciated, and having some convulsive action; that action continued to increase till the time of his death; four days before he died there was a partial paralysis of one side of the body; after his death I gave a certificate for his burial, as I am accustomed to do in similar cases; the certificate shown is the one I gave; the child was properly cared for; I have attended in this house since last fall; I think I gave one or two certificates in the fall, and perhaps one or two since.

Question by a juror: Do you think that this house is disreputable? The witness failed to give a direct answer to this question, but said that the taking of children from the mother's breast and feeding them on spoon victuals tends to shorten their lives, and if persons in a house doing this thing makes it disreputable, then this is a disreputable house.

After hearing all the evidence the jury rendered the following verdict:—

"That the said Joshua Moore came to his death by gastric irritation, following apths. They find that death was hastened by want of proper care on the part of Catharine D. Putnam, *alias* Madame Parselles, and believe that establishments of the kind kept by her are the means of causing great infantile mortality, and tend to the increase of immorality and crime. They recommend that proper steps be taken to break up this and similar institutions. They censure Dr. James W. Ranney for giving a false place of death in his certificate, and also Dr. Vosburg for giving a similar false certificate in another case of death occurring in the same premises."

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN PARIS.

A PEEP AT FRENCH SOCIETY AS IT IS.

One of those startling exposures of the interior corruption and rottenness of Parisian society, which at intervals shock the moral sense of the whole world, has just been made through the agency of the civil tribunal of the Department of the Seine.

John Schumacher, aged sixty-three years, and his wife, aged fifty six, bring suit under the provisions of the French code against their daughter Catharine and her husband, a member of one of the oldest noble families of France, and whose full title is James Marie Armand, Count de Gurry, de Beauregard, de Monbreuil, and Marquis d'Orvault, for an annual allowance upon which to subsist. Schumacher is by profession a cab driver, owning two vehicles—one covered for winter use and the other open for summer—and two horses, which he drives alternately. His wife keeps house for him, does the cooking, grooms the horses and washes the cabs. Both are afflicted with bodily ailments; Schumacher has had his leg broken twice, and it never has perfectly healed, while his wife suffers from asthma. The daily income from their business being some five or six francs less than their expenses, the poor old couple find themselves rapidly running in debt, and misery and ruin staring them in the face.

Their daughter Catharine, on the other hand, occupies with her husband a dwelling worth eleven thousand francs a year, and sumptuously furnished, keeps four servants, elegant carriages and horses, and has no children dependent upon her. It is shown that at the time of her marriage she was possessed, in her own right, of a fortune of over thirteen hundred thousand francs, and that her husband had, and still has, an annuity of five thousand francs. Here then we have aged and infirm parents struggling with poverty, forced to resort to legal proceedings to obtain from their millionaire daughter the pittance necessary to keep them from starving. One would think shame alone would force her to grant it, without awaiting the decision of a court of law. But this is by no means the worst feature of the case. The question will naturally be asked: How did the daughter acquire such a fortune while her origin was so humble, and her parents so poor? The answer, not hinted at, but openly stated in the French newspapers, is, that it was by the sale of her personal charms. Her customers were, like her husband, noblemen, and, when they had no money to give, she would obligingly take their promissory notes, which she afterward collected as she had opportunity. Her husband not only knew this when he married her, but, it is said, connived at her continuance of her infamous traffic long after their marriage, and even sometimes brought suit in his own name upon the notes which, as heretofore, she took from her paramours instead of cash. So low has this representation of an ancient family fallen. Americans who visit Paris are often quite solicitous to be admitted into the dazzling circles which their imagination portrays to them as the perfection of social culture. But revelations such as we have been speaking of show what it is that they incur the danger of finding when their wishes are granted. Undoubtedly more than one Catharine Schumacher forms part of the brilliant circles which so captivate and delight unsophisticated foreigners, and it is quite evident that high birth and an ancient name are by no means to be taken as an assurance of genuine nobility of character.

A GAY LOTHARIO.

HE BREAKS THE HEARTS OF WOMEN AND CARRIES OFF THEIR MONEY.

From the Chicago Post, Jan. 20.

The operations of a most accomplished rascal, Henry Lord, have just been brought to light. Their objects have embodied persons of both sexes, whom Lord swindled either out of love or money, in Chicago and several surrounding cities. Having seduced a girl here, the accomplished daughter of an old and respected resident, he at once fled from the wrath to come, on the crime becoming known, to Detroit. There he inveigled a widow lady, whose love he had secured, out of a considerable sum of money. Returning to Chicago, he managed to become a stakeholder at one of the Dexter Park races, and made off to Milwaukee with the sum placed in his hands, also leaving hotel bills unsettled. Under an assumed name he there perpetrated several swindles. Returning to Chicago, when Milwaukee became too hot to hold him, he accidentally met the girl of whose outraged affections he was still the unworthy object. Her parents being absent, she was persuaded to elope, after abstracting a considerable amount of money from her father's house. They were at last heard of in St. Louis, where the girl was found, at an obscure house. Lord had fled, carrying off the money which the girl had stolen. The daughter returns penitent, and Lord has made a new start on his far-advanced road to the devil.

A SAD CASE.—A case of peculiar sadness, involving the downfall and death of a young woman of rare beauty of face and faultless form, has recently come to our knowledge. The victim was a young lady of humble birth, but bore a reputation pure and immaculate. In an unguarded moment she yielded to the wiles of one who should have been her protector, for we have it from the girl's own lips that the author of her shame sustained to her sister the relation of husband. The poor girl, finding herself *encienie*, and knowing that marriage was an impossibility, entreated her betrayer to send her to some foreign clime. This entreaty was disregarded, but the victim was plied with drugs until the system became too enfeebled to bear more. Day by day external evidence of the approaching parturition became more and more palpable, and finally it was determined to remove the girl to Richmond. Accommodations were secured with parties residing on Cary street, between Sixth and Seventh, and about ten days since, the services of an accoucheur being deemed absolutely indispensable, a coloured woman was called in. In due time twins were brought forth. One of these was still-born, but the other, at last accounts, survived, though very puny and feeble. The unfortunate woman, though naturally of a strong constitution, soon grew much enervated in body and labored under extreme depression of spirits. Her attendants discovering that she was growing worse, thought it advisable to procure the services of a physician, and every effort was put forth to prolong the existence of the young woman; these, however, were unavailing. The terrible ordeal to which the poor girl had been subjected, coupled with a crushed and broken heart, was more than she could bear, and on Friday morning last she died.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

BREVITIES.

WHEN an idea strikes you, fight shy of it.

EPITAPH OF A LETTER CARRIER.—*Post obit.*

CAN cock-crowing be called (h)en-chanting?

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—A love of a whisker.

THE SWINDLER'S MOTTO.—"Strive to *do* well."

BASE COIN.—Money placed in a foundation stone.

THE EXACT WORTH OF SPIRITUALISM.—Not a rap.

THE gender of a railway train is feminine. Don't you often miss it?

DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.—Wives who are always *blowing-up* their husbands.

WANTED FOR CHEMICAL PURPOSES.—A lady "dissolved in tears."

HOW TO LEARN ALL YOUR DEFECTS.—Quarrel with your best friend.

THE color of the skin is not always the color of the soul: there is black tea in white cups.

THE good wear their years as a crown upon the brow, the bad as a burden upon the back.

NOT half so beautiful is the most penetrating eye as that which lets everything penetrate it.

MANY a young widow wears crape upon her person when her mind is all flounces and furbelows.

A MAN who goes about the streets with a pocket-full of bills for collection, should be dressed in dun.

IF a poor fellow is unfortunate in all his undertakings, no matter how soon he goes to the undertaker.

THE more weakness, the more lying. Force goes straight; any cannon-ball with holes or cavities in it goes crooked.

HOW to make a watch keep time. Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

IF death should cheat us out of our pleasant recollections in life, we should scarcely know ourselves in eternity.

LET not a child sing too much, else the breast that holds the nightingale will grow hollow, and the bird will depart.

IT is almost impossible for the most industrious teacher to weed out of a smart boy as much as the young rascal rakes in.

BE brave, be noble, be true, and you will pass through the coming years as through a white colonnade of monumental pillars.

IN the holy duties of ministering to the sick, souls grow white as well as cheeks; one that goes in a nurse may come out an angel.

IN the waves of life man breaks and crinkles as the staff flickers in the water, but the essential being stands nevertheless as firm as the staff.

NOT to the years of childhood, but to the season of youth should we revert most longingly, if we come out of the latter as innocent as out of the former.

LEGAL PROBLEM.—Find the amount of a judge's "charge" to a jury, and the "summing-up" of the evidence. The answer to be given in "figures of speech."

IT is perhaps better that even a dark mountain chain of sorrows should be thrown into the dead level of life than that we should have a disrespect of anything great.

THE necromancers swept the magic circle in times of old; but there is none so beautiful, none with charm so potent, as the circle of light and of love around the old fashioned fire!

MERRY MOMENTS.

HEARING IT FIZZ.—A man in Norwich dropped a live coal into a bomb-shell "to hear it fizz." He heard it.

A COUNSEL being asked by a judge "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am *concerned* for the plaintiff, my lord, but I am employed by the defendant."

LOSS BY LOVE.—"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That's not true," said a lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights sleep."

CERTAIN-LIE.—To politely tell a man he lies, and find yourself reclining gracefully in the street for uttering the assertion, shows the speaker can be made to *lie* occasionally.

PORK AND BEANS.—An exchange, noticing the marriage of Mr. James Hogg to Miss Ella Beane, says pork and beans form a natural union; but thinks one bean to a hog is a small allowance.

AN EDITOR having, in a dense crowd, accidentally stepped on the toe of the one next him, asked pardon for his carelessness. "No matter, sir," was the good natured reply, "it is only *an error of the press.*"

A LITTLE fellow going to church for the first time where the pews where very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church, when he replied, "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.—For the gout, toast and water; for bile, exercise; for corns, easy shoes; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for the tooth-ache, pluck it out; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

CONDOLENCE.—"You have been sorely tried," said a sympathizing member to old Joe Crowden, weeping over the coffin of his third wife. "Yes," responded the bereaved one, "I have always had the dreadfulest luck with women!"

VEALISH.—"Wouldn't you call this the calf of a leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of his nether limbs, rather compactly encased in representations of barber's poles and running vines. "No," replied Jim, "I should say it was the leg of a calf."

CONSEQUENCES OF SPREES.—It might possibly be a pleasure to some to go on an evening spree, but to awaken on the following morning in the wrong house, with the rightful occupant threatening you with arrest—there is an unexpected transition of ideas.

A DARK JOKE.—"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel; "how in the world did you get so black?" "Why, look a here, massa, the reason am—de day dis chile was born there was an eclipse."

A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.—An Irish girl told her forbidden lover she was longing to possess his portrait, and intended to obtain it. "But how if your friends see it?" "Ah, but I'll tell the artist not to make it like you, so they won't know it."

REPREHENSIBLE ABSENCE.—A person who lived in constant fear of the sheriffs having absconded, one of his acquaintances was asked what was the reason of his absence? to which he replied, "Why, sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended."

A WITTY and convivial lawyer being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to take example of a gentleman whose constant food was herbs, and his drink water. "What, madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who *eats like a beast and drinks like a fish?*"

MUSCULAR EXERTION.—"Didn't you tell me, sir, that you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to a man, whom he had taken on trial. "Arrah, be aisy now," said Pat. "How can I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me? But give it to me in the barn, and I'll hold it with anybody!"

A HIBERNIANISM.—At a crowded lecture the other evening, a young lady, standing just inside the entrance to the hall, was addressed by an accommodating Irish usher, with a rueful look on his face:—"Indade, Miss, I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full just now."

A SMART BOY.—"My child, take these eggs to the store; and if you can't get ninepence a dozen, bring them back." Tommy went, as directed, and came back again, saying, "Mother, let me alone for a trade. They all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em down to ninepence."

EATING SALADS.—A lad, who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up to dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he left his place, he replied, "They made me yeat grass i' th' summer, and I wur afraid they'd mak' me yeat hay i' th' winter; and I could no' stand that, so I wur off."

WISDOM IN SMALL LOTS.

BY JOE BLANK.

IT don't take a smart man to be a fool.

A MAN that don't kno enny thing will tell it the first time he gets a chance.

EF you air onla a quarter of a second to late you won't git there in time.

IT don't taik as much sense to pick a lock or forge a check as it dus to not do it.

ITS no use to be mizzerable te-da because you're afrade you can't be happy to-morrow.

WHEN it rains pudden you hold up your dish, but don't spend your time watchen for a shower.

You can't do bizness without sense any more than you ken start a cooper-shop on a bung-hole.

EF wise men never made mistaiks this wood be a hard wurld for fools—of whom a grate menny are which.

EF I enjoy enny thing more than the prosperity of a good man, it is the punishment of an infernal scoundrel.

BE keerful that you allus git you're muna before you give a receet, and allus git a receet before you giv your muna.

IT required all kinds uv men to make up the wurld, and so you see there had to be some egotistikle durn fools for hotel clerks.

WE'VE got lots of men with toweren intellex and brillyent genyus and all that, but then you see we need just a few men of good common sense, like.

THARE ma be sum sweet sadness in chuing the bitter cud of adversity, but the most uv 'em in this section would rather have terbacker, you know.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT wig cannot a barber make? An ear-wig.

WHAT kind of gloves are like young niggers? Black kids.

WHY is a red Indian like a waterman? Because he feathers his skull.

WHY is an industrious tailor never at home? Because he's always cutting out.

WHY does a rich lady act prudently by marrying a penniless man? Because she husbands her resources.

WHY is a washerwoman like Saturday? Because she brings in the clothes (close) of the week.

THE RING.

BILLY DWYER AFTER TOMMY CHANDLER.

CHALLENGE ON BEHALF OF DWYER FOR $2,000 A SIDE.

As has been previously mentioned in these columns, Billy Dwyer, who defeated Johnny Walker, and fought draws with Tommy Chandler and Jack Turner, has for some time past manifested a strong desire to get on another match with Tommy, the Pacific wonder, and the stated reason of his meeting with ill-success in these endeavors is the fact of Chandler's backers placing the figures too high among the thousands. The anticipated arrival of Dwyer in San Francisco, after a lengthened sojourn in Mormondom, about the first of the current month, had at last advices given rise to considerable excitement among the sporters, and it was thought quite probable that Chandler's friends would waive their objections in a pecuniary sense, and if Dwyer really meant nothing but business, accommodate him for an amount which would accord with the ideas of his supporters.

A WELCOME TO TOM KELLY.

Though the weather was of such a nature as to render peregrinations in the open air decidedly unpleasant on the evening of the 20th inst., a large number of lovers of boxing wended their way to the Opera House, 600 Broadway, to extend a cordial welcome to the lately arrived English pug, Tom Kelly, who then and there took his first benefit in this country. The house was comfortably filled, and had the rain and abominable walking not kept the floating population housed, the place would have been jammed; as it was, Kelly had reason to be gratified with the flattering reception accorded. Whether it was owing to the weather, which naturally exercised a dampening effect upon the spirits, or the remarks in these columns in reference to the disgraceful proceedings at Billy Edward's exhibition having had a salutary effect, certain it is that the audience, especially for one composed almost entirely of "regulars," was astonishingly quiet and well-behaved; for although there was an abundance of joviality, and frequent ebullitions of mirth, it was of a less boisterous character than customary, and all appeared contented with such positions for observation as they could secure, without clambering upon the benches or obscuring the view of those to the rear of them. We take pleasure in alluding to this fact, which, if always equally patent, the profession would experience less difficulty in obtaining halls wherein to hold their entertainments.

After the veteran master had opened the exercises in the usual manner with a pair of tender years and pugnacious inclinations; George Cheer commenced the heavy work with Punch Morris, whom Billy Donnelly beat, short and stoutly built, though rather fleshy, who exchanged very emphatic compliments to the delectation of the crowd, who cheered lustily as they wound up, with George's stock slightly in the ascendant. Morris, although a clever sparrer and quick upon his feet, strikes with much less vim than Cheer, and don't know one half the tricks which the latter is familiar with and quick to put into practice whenever opportunity offers or emergency demands.

Young Gallagher followed suit with Young McCarthy, the boy with the auburn ringlets, to batter with him. Barring less science, this engagement was as near like the one before it as two peas, hard knocks being at a premium, in the delivering of which Gallagher proved himself the greater adept of the twain, and thereby secured another laurel.

Billy Edwards and Young Glasco were the next couple, and from their style of meeting at Cheer's exhibition this was expected to be seething hot, and that's just what it turned out, throwing into the shade anything in the shape of a glove fight which we have witnessed since the memorable night when Edwards and Jimmy Fox slugged each other at the Old Stuyvesant on Uncle Tovee's night, when the champion had to interfere and separate them, as neither would consent to cry quits before the other, though scarcely able to stand upright. Eight times did they respond to the call, and the moment they confronted each other dashed to close quarters, and casting science to the dogs, bent all their energies to the task of compassing the damage and downfall of their antagonist, causing intense excitement among the spectators, who kept up a continuous fire of chaff, and shouted with glee whenever their respective favorites accomplished something especially worthy of commendation. Billy, who assumed the offensive all through, had decidedly the best of the struggle in every respect, twisting Glasco to the ground no less than eight times, against a couple for himself, several of them clean falls, and when they finished, which they didn't until tired nature and the considerate demands of the crowd compelled them, Glasco's *os frontis* was smeared with the ruby current of life. Tovee now advanced to the footlights, and stated that Glasco, who is a hard working young fellow, had been out of employment for some time, with no prospect of obtaining any very soon, and proposed the taking up of a collection for him. This proposition did the heart of the old gentleman credit, and met with the approbation of the audience, who evinced their appreciation of merit by tossing a snug sum into the hats which Glasco and Barney Aaron passed through the assemblage.

Johnny Grady and another, who have frequently boxed together, next handled the mittens, and knowing that the audience were surfeited for the moment with forcible arguments didn't rush matters, as is their custom, furnishing a scientific contrast to the prior set to. Johnny's cleverness in stopping the visitations of his opponent was particularly noticeable and drew forth frequent plaudits.

Punch Morris again made his appearance, stripped to the cuticle from waist up, having as an opponent Young Omealia. The latter, although a clever young 'un, was too light for "Punchy" who made the play light, merely tapping with the open hand and the auditors weren't sorry when they absquatulated, the set-to not being stirring enough to suit their incinations. While it was in progress Tovee doffed his tile and remarked that Morris had come to New York for the express purpose of fighting George Cheer and he was willing to do so for a purse at any time. This was hailed with applause and brought Cheer to the stage at once, when he said that he would make the match for $50 or $100 and fight next morning, or he was ready to do battle with any man in the country at 109 lbs. Punch said he was willing and after the buzzing created by this had subsided Tom Kelly and Johnny Dwyer discarded their toggery and drew on the gloves for the wind-up. Kelly was clad in costume, and though not by any means as ponderous looking as the Brooklyn heavy-weight, appears to be of a wiry, firmly knit and muscular frame, which is but little encumbered with superfluous flesh, while Johnny was as pussy as an alderman. Before commencing, Kelly advanced to the fore, and in a brief speech returned thanks to those who had assisted him, both pecuniarily and professionally, and hoped he might sometime have an opportunity to show his gratitude in a different manner. Uncle William then formally introduced them, and shaking hands, they commenced a rattling fire with nature's weapons, which was of a much rougher description than when they came together at Cheer's jamboree. Kelly, who appears to be of a nervous, excitable temperament, and is quick upon his feet, was inclined to rush matters, and heedless of the cries of the audience for sparring instead of close work, would go for clinching, in which Johnny, who acted coolly and kept on the defensive, always got the best of him, partly owing to his superior strength. The set-to would have been much warmer had Dwyer felt well, but his left shoulder, which was some time ago put out of joint, troubled him greatly, and will hereafter, probably, put an embargo upon his participating at these affairs, although it is hoped not. Kelly also complained of weakness, and from his actions we should judge the complaint to have been well founded. Altogether, it was a very good set-to, and terminated the exhibition in good fashion. Old Tovee, not to be cheated out of his little say, made a characteristic speech during the box, expressive of *his* thanks for the quiet preserved by the audience, etc.

ARRIVAL OF PATSY REARDON.

Owing to the stringent measures adopted by the British authorities for the suppression of the fistic code *duello*, which until lately has been a time-honored institution within their jurisdiction, the exodus of former shining lights of the squared circle beyond the seas continues and is likely to go on for some time to come, for the cordiality of the welcome extended those who have thus far visited the new world acts like a loadstone upon those who have as yet not ventured upon a passage across the stormy Atlantic. We have this week to chronicle a fresh importation in the person of the celebrated boxer, Patsy Reardon, who, though not yet twenty-nine years of age, has fought some of the best men of his avoirdupois in England and never yet been obliged to succumb. He landed at this port, per the steamer City of Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, January 22d, and as soon as he could find anybody to pilot him, reported at the CLIPPER office, in company with Mike Noonan and Mr. Kelly, the latter of whom is one of his principal backers, whose implication in the Fenian movement at Manchester made the mother country too warm for him, and it was only by the exercise of a deal of strategy that he managed to effect a clearance at all. Reardon is an Irishman by birth, having first delighted the hearts of the ould folks at Bandon, in the County of Cork, on the 29th day of November, 1839. According to his own say, he reaches an altitude of 5 feet 7 inches in his stockings and weighs in condition 142lbs. At an early age he removed to England, and being, like most of his countrymen, naturally inclined to combativeness, while yet a youth became an *habitue* of boxing shows, where he acquired skill so rapidly, and exhibited such good points, that a friend backed him against Jack Phillips, a Welshman, for £5 a side. They fought on Good Friday, 1859, when Patsy scored his maiden victory after an easy battle. On July 11th of the same year, he met and beat Lass for a fiver a side, in 29r, 35m. He was next matched with W. Williams, but the latter forfeited. His third appearance in the ring was with W. Smith, the Brighton Doctor, for £25 a side, whom he polished off in 42r, lasting 1h. 5m., Jan. 24, 1860, the Doctor not having a shadow of a chance with him. Jack Rooke was Patsy's next opponent. They fought for £50 a side, May 1, 1860, when the police made their advent after 36 rounds had been contested in 1h. 15m., and the stakes were afterwards presented to them by their backers as a reward for gallantry. He then fought a draw with Shipp, Patsy staking £28 to £20. They got through 9 rounds in 1h. 15m., when the police caused a stampede, and in a second ring they contested 27r in 3h. 10m., darkness finally putting an end to hostilities, and the affair being ultimately decided a draw, April 2d and 3d, 1861. Fought George King (who was beaten by John Woods, of Boston, and died recently) for £50 a side, March 25, 1862, when, as neither evidently intended bringing matters to a satisfactory finish, the referee declared a draw, after fighting 14 rounds in 2 hours 26 minutes. Beat Bob Travers, (the Black), £100 a side, July 15th and 16th. They fought 7 rounds on the first day and 58 rounds on the second, the aggregate time being 4 hours and 5 minutes. Jem Dillon was doomed to fall before the mighty arm of Reardon in a contest for £100 a side, Dec. 9, 1862, 56 rounds being fought in 3 hours 11 minutes, two rings, and the referee giving in against Jem for failing to come to time after he had called upon him thrice. In 1863 he was matched with Shipp a second time for £100 a side, but the latter died while in training, after £65 a side had been posted. His last essay in the B. P. R. was a second brilliant engagement with Jack Rooke, for £100 a side, Nov. 24, 1863, when, as before, the battle resulted in a draw, through police interference, after they had battled 4 rounds, occupying 1 hour and 6 minutes. Upon his arrival, Reardon was at once conducted to the august presence of Paddy Kanans, in Brooklyn, an ardent admirer and warm friend, with whom he is at present sojourning. He will be tendered a "reception"—that's the fashionable appellation for a boxing show now-a-days—in the City of Churches at an early date, and will follow with a second in the metropolis. It is stated that he isn't averse to trying the mettle of some of our home-made boxers anywhere near his own weight. Who will accommodate him?

PRIZE FIGHTING IN NEW JERSEY.—At the January term of the Hudson County, N. J., Courts, which commenced on the 20th inst., Judge Bedle, in his charge to the grand jury directed especial attention to the frequency of prize fights, which are stated to have of late taken place on Jersey soil, especially in Bergen and Hudson Counties, generally by parties from New York, and said it was a notorious fact that the parties mentioned as being engaged in them escaped apprehension and punishment. Whether this is the fault of the local authorities it was for the jury to inquire. It was also for the jury to say whether they will be able to indict those who engage in prize fighting, whether residents of another State or not, and leave it to the officers to procure their arrest; if arrested there is but little doubt that they will be convicted and punished so severely that this class of characters will hereafter seek some other arena for their operations. Persons convicted of prize fighting are liable to two years in the State Prison or to a fine not exceeding $1,000, or both, while those who attend as spectators are liable to one year in the State prison, or a fine of $5,000. The court expressed a wish that the grand jury could find bills of indictment against some of these parties, and even if their arrest could not be procured, the indictments could be held over them, and by this means they could be kept out of the State.

DRAW FIGHT BETWEEN FITZGERALD AND BURKE.—A correspondent informs us in brief of a passage at arms for $250 a side which took place at Dale City, D. T., on the 12th inst., between Fitzgerald (Ned, probably, who beat Hughes, Tom Smith, Sailor Burke and Jimmy Raffell and fought Leon) and Burke (perhaps Sailor.) Hardy and a friend waited upon the latter, while Mike Conners and Daley seconded Fitzgerald. Ned took the lead at once, forcing the pace from the send-off, and gaining the first knock down in the fifth round, Burke adopting the drop game and prosecuting it throughout, much to the dissatisfaction of those at the ring side, who evinced the same by frequent expressions of disapprobation. Fitz had all the best of the fighting up to the 63d round, but here Burke turned the tables on his antagonist and made hay during the succeeding dozen rounds, after which, it being thought that the referee was either incompetent to fill the position or prejudiced in favor of Burke, through not allowing claims on palpable fouls, they concluded to finish it pretty much in the rough and tumble style, and a regular dog fight ensued up the 108th round, when the men, being unable to finish, agreed to draw.

THE WHITTAKER AND DALLEY MATCH.—The meet for posting the second deposit of $50 a side and drawing up articles of agreement in the eight hundred dollar match between James Whittaker and Dick Morgan, *alias* Dick Dalley, was held at the house of William Phillips, Mahaney City, Pa., one evening last week, when everything was satisfactorily arranged. According to the protocol they bind themselves to do battle in accordance with the New Rules, for $400 a side, at a place to be named three days before the fight, which is to take place on the 17th day of February, the men to be in the ring by 10 o'clock, A.M., and the referee to be chosen on the ground. Two hundred dollars are now up in the hands of the stakeholder, and the third and final deposit of $300 a side has to be tabled at a well known sporting house in Ashland, Pa., on Monday evening, February 10th, between the hours of 7 and 8 o'clock. The articles are witnessed by E. W. Morgan and Joe Hughes. The men are now in active training, Dalley taking his breathings at Ashland, from which place he is backed, under the mentorship of Andy Geary, and Whittaker doing his work near Mahaney City, with Jack Williams to look after him.

PUGILISTS IN TROUBLE.—On Wednesday, Jan. 1st, a large number of Bristol, Eng., prize-fighters appeared at the Gloucestershire and Somersetshire Quarter Sessions in answer to their recognisances, having been bound over by the magistrates for taking part in the breaches of the peace in the two counties mentioned. At Gloucester, James Flynn, of Bath, William Jones (Sawney), and Peter Millard, together with Mr. Isaac Harris, Mr. Edgar Salmon, and Mr. Henry Dobbs were arraigned for being concerned in a prize-fight at Tidenham on Oct. 2d. They all pleaded guilty, and the prosecution did not press for the punishment of the three last named, who were simply bystanders on the occasion. The court, however, fined the latter severally £1; Flynn, Jones, and Millard were each sentenced to ten days' imprisonment, with hard labor. At the Somerset Sessions, held at Taunton, Peter Millard and James Fowler, for prize-fighting at Portbury on the 12th ult., and James Mars and Laddy Fisher, for prize-fighting at Nailsea on the 17th ult., were arraigned. Millard being at Gloucester his recognisances were enlarged until next sessions; the other three were each bound over in the sum of £40 to come up and receive judgment when called for.

JUDGE LYNCH REDIVIVUS.—Charley Russell, a young fellow about twenty-four years of age, who had obtained the reputation of being a desperate character in and around Omaha, Crescent City and Council Bluffs, Iowa, was hung by a Vigilance Committee near Crescent City on the 14th ult., on account of attempts at highway robbery and other serious depredations and outrages. He is said to have been beaten by "Tiger Bill" in an impromptu fight at the fair grounds near Omaha, and afterwards made arrangements to fight according to the rules with Johnny Rohebar, at the race course in August last, but the match fell through.

HO FOR ALBANY.—A disconsolate Gothamite, now dragging out his miserable existence in the legislative village up the Hudson, penneth us a doleful epistle, wherein he prayeth that some of the shining lights of the boxing division take a jaunt thither and wake up the boys with a glovical entertainment. He thinks it would pay "moighty well" for Coburn, McCoole, O'Baldwin and Hicks, Jimmy Elliott or Barney Aaron to make the trip, as the town is full of sports, while the Legislature and Constitutional Convention would no doubt help to fill the largest hall. Who will test the matter?

DIDN'T COME TO A HEAD.—After Tom Kelly's exhibition was brought to a close, and 600 Broadway was again enveloped in darkness, on the night of the 20th ult., a number of those present adjourned to the Gem to witness the expected arrangement of preliminaries for the proposed off-hand meeting between George Cheer and Punch Morris. The British feather-weight was there, with his backer ready to plank for him, but Morris didn't make his appearance, and on a trivial excuse declined carrying out the determination he so positively expressed a short time previous. How did he sprain his ankle?

PUNCH MORRIS BACK AGAIN.—This square-built feather-weight, who, it will be remembered, was beaten by Billy Donnelly at Boston, in 1862, arrived here from New Orleans per steamer a few days since.

COCKING.

GRAND COCKING MAIN IN NEW JERSEY.

LONG ISLAND AHEAD OF NEW YORK.

One of the most important of those sporting events, which, though of frequent occurrence, are for obvious reasons studiously kept from the cognizance of the general public, transpired at a well-known pit in Jersey on the night of the 21st ult., to the delectation, profit and loss of a select gathering, from whose midst the rougher element, who usually infect such affairs, had been carefully excluded. The event under consideration was another main between the representative chanticleer warriors of New York and Long Island, the conditions of which were that each side should show seventeen birds, between 4lbs. 4oz. and 5lbs. 8oz., and fight all that fell in weight, for $50 each battle and $500 the main; the gaffs to be one and a quarter inches in length, and the contest to be conducted according to the recognized rules. The process of weighing occupied nearly three hours and resulted in the matching of thirteen pair, eight of which, by a curious coincidence, were of the same weight. The Long Island birds were principally of the black red, with cross white hackle strains, while the New York chickens were, with three exceptions, of the black red strain. The latter were from the vicinity of Albany, and in appearance were decidedly the superiors of their rivals. The combatants had been carefully selected and prepared for the struggle, and it was confidently expected that a series of battles equal in fierceness to the best upon record would be witnessed, and the spectators were not doomed to disappointment, for with a couple of exceptions, when the white feather shone forth, the fighting was of the most obstinate, game and desperate character, the head, breast and shoulders of the combatants being literally cut to pieces ere the vanquished keeled over, a dead bird in the pit. Prior to the commencement, the betting, which was of a spirited character, each party being "full" of the root of all evil, was in favor of the New Yorkers at trifling odds, which increased when they were successively triumphant in the two opening matches. The long Islander scored a victory in the third battle, after a terrific encounter lasting fourteen minutes. Two splendid looking pyles next were pitted against each other, betting 5 to 4 on Long Island. The New York bird made such a terrible onslaught upon his rival at once, however, quickly blinding him and cutting such fearful gashes in the breast and shoulders—although being pretty well repaid therefor—that the betting changed greatly in favor of the former. The Long Island representative rallied, however, and though blind, groped his way and continued to slash his opponent until the betting again ruled in his favor. Finally, by a misconception of the rules, the handler of the New Yorker lost the battle after fighting twenty-three minutes, both birds being totally blind at the finish. The next was a long and game struggle and terminated in favor of New York. The sixth made things even, as Long Island won after a rapid, hard battle. The betting was now at its height and greenbacks changed hands at a lively rate, rendering the scene a very animated one and one interesting to a student of human nature. The next Long Island champion proved a "duffer"—if one of the feathered tribe can appropriately be called such, for after he first few cuts he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and couldn't be prevailed upon to take another dose, and the New York bird was proclaimed winner. The New Yorkers were now chuckling, but their tune was changed when in the eighth battle a short struggle with nibs and gaffs decided the victory in favor of Long Island, leaving the score four and four. Fighting of the most sanguinary description was the order during the succeeding three battles, rip, tear, gash, bite and cut from the moment the combatants were loosened, and all three falling to the share of the Long Islanders, thus gaining for them the main. This result was hailed with vociferous cheering, tossing of hats, sarcastic remarks from the winning party, which the losers took in good part, as they were satisfied to sink their bets when allowed to witness such superior fighting. This deprived the two remaining battles of much interest, but both were of a severe character, and resulted in the success of New York each time, thereby making up in a measure for their prior losses. Below is a table, showing how each battle was decided, the weight and breed of the birds, and time occupied:—

	New York.	*Long Island.*	*Won by*	*Time.*
1	5 lb. 8 oz., p	5 lb. 8 oz., bl. r. w. h.	New York	12:00
2	4 lb. 4 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 4 oz., bl. r. w. h.	New York	12:00
3	4 lb. 14 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 14 oz., bl. r. w. h.	Long Island	14:00
4	4 lb. 13 oz., p.	4 lb. 13 oz., p.	Long Island	23:00
5	4 lb. 12 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 12 oz., bl. r. w. h.	New York	20:00
6	4 lb. 14 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 14 oz., bl. r. D. c.	Long Island	18:00
7	4 lb. 8 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 8 oz., bl. r.	New York	15:00
8	5 lb. 0 oz., bl. r.	5 lb. 0 oz., bl. r. w. h.	Long Island	13:00
9	4 lb. 11 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 10 oz., bl. r. w. h.	Long Island	14:00
10	4 lb. 6 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 7 oz., bl. r. w. h.	Long Island	12:00
11	4 lb. 10 oz., bl. r.	4 lb. 9 oz., bl. r. w. h.	Long Island	22:00
12	4 lb. 12 oz., bl. g.	4 lb. 13 oz., bl. r. w. h.	New York	12:00
13	5 lb. 4 oz., bl. r.	5 lb. 6 oz., bl. r. w. h.	New York	14:00

Totals—Long Island, 7; New York, 6.

VALUE OF PERSONAL NEATNESS.—Many worthy women, who would not for the world be found wanting in the manner of personal neatness, seem somehow to have the notion that any study of the arts of personal beauty in family life is unmatronly. They buy their clothes with simple reference to economy, and have them made up without any question of becomingness; and hence marriage sometimes transforms a charming, trim, tripping young lady into a waddling matron, whose every-day toilet suggests only the idea of a feather-bed tied round with a string. For my part, I do not believe that the summary banishment of the graces from the domestic circle as soon as the first baby makes its appearance is at all conducive to domestic affection. Nor do I think that there is any need of so doing. These good housewives are in danger, like other saints, of falling into the error of neglecting the body through too much thoughtfulness for others, and too little for themselves. If a woman ever had any attractiveness, let her try and keep it, setting it down as one of her domestic talents.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

CHAS. PORTER, Newport, Ky.—Of the many attempts to solve our late Enigmas, your last of No. 606, is one of the few correct. We have re-examined Enig. No. 606, and find that there should be another Black Bishop at K R 3d. Will all other correspondents make a note accordingly?

S. T. NYE, Springfield, Mass.—Money received and book mailed.

G. P. Q.—We have again to thank you for Chess cuttings.

HERR J. LOEWENTHAL.—The beautiful books sent by your kind attention, have come safely to hand, and we are under great obligations indeed for the same. When is it anticipated that the "*World's Chess Directory*" will make its appearance?

L'Enfant Perdu.

THE CRITICISM ON THE CRITIC CRITICISED.

DEAR CLIPPER.—I wish to protest very mildly against several expressions employed by the "Father of the Babe," in defence of that frightful abortion he calls his offspring. Even the commendable desire of fond parents to protect their babes can scarcely justify this "Father" in averring in his zeal that the vast majority of Chess players and composers who differ from him upon the point in question must necessarily be ignorant of the various laws and attempts at laws enacted; or that their reasons for withholding their approval of so awkward an attempt to improve the laws of Chess, as that here involved, are to be summed up in such trivialities as :—"It don't please me," *&c.* Still more unjustifiable is the assertion that it can only be from palpable motives of interest that a person pretending to be a Chess player can maintain that the general adoption of this particular decision of the B. C. A. would not be advisable. It will never do to call the majority "ignorant," or to impute to them unfair motives. It is not the laws of Chess that we are ignorant of; but we deny that this *is* a law, universally or even generally adopted. Much less has the innovation been accepted by the fraternity of problematists. Even in face of its general adoption by the *players*, the distinct class of Chess devotees, problematists, have the right to maintain that no *problem* shall be considered sound in which a P enters either Royal Rank and remains there *as a P.* And they have exercised this right, too; thus: (*a*). No problem shall involve casting; (*b*) nor at any stage, a choice of moves for the Attack; nor (*c*), shall contain a plurality of pieces, although the laws of the *game* are entirely otherwise. If the *players* shall ever so far disgrace their game as to ratify this blunder of the B. C. A., it is quite certain that the problematists will never allow it in their department. Again, my dear Minority of One, we believe that the adoption of such a law would lead to an inconsistency in the nature of our noble game; would introduce a feature entirely opposed to all its fundamental principles; would allow upon the board a piece with no power to move, no power to capture: a piece, in fact, doing the adversary more good, in most instances, than its possessor. In the infancy of Chess such a barbarism was permitted; but succeeding ages brought various improvements, and among them several in regard to the Queening of Pawns, and this rude feature was wholly done away. Now, after advancing to the high standard achieved, the B. C. A. wants us to take a backward step. Shall they succeed in forcing it upon the game? "No!" say the majority, "we never can admit into our game, or problems, a law which could contemplate the spectacle of eight Pawns lying dead on as many squares, their occupation gone. The "fix" imagined by the "father," it is one that is his own business to see that he does not get into. Just as well in his vexation look for a legal enactment to relieve him from the chagrin of a stalemate which cuts him off in the full career of anticipated triumph. Surely the option of pushing finally to the 8th rank, or not, and the wide margin of choice as to what title the coronation shall induct the P to, are the extreme limits of uncertainty consistent with any accurate analysis of a given position; and accuracy is the highest boast of our game. It is the opponent's superior skill, after all, that forces the Queening, and loss of game, in the highly-colored, suppositious case. Do not let it be said, then, that the player of the P beats himself by Queening it.

Yours ever, G. E. C.

Enigma No. 609.

"Ingeni pugnas age, gratia, juxta Minervam.

FOURTH PRIZE.—LUDWIG VON BILOW.

White: at Q B sq, K Kt 7, K 6, Q 8, Q 4, K Kt 2, Q 2d.

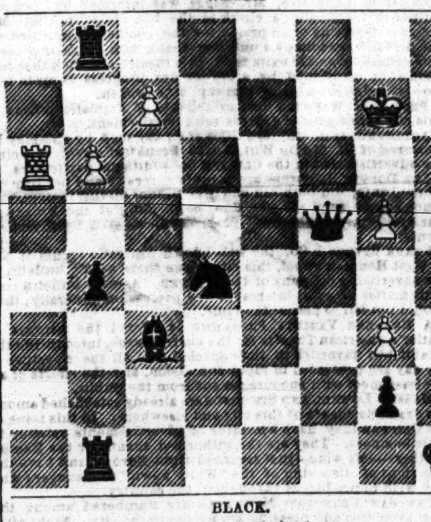
Black: at Q 6, K sq, K Kt 3, K R sq, Q Kt 5, Q R 6, K R 4th.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 609.--Tourney No. 17.

"CONTRA FORTUNA NO VALE ARTE NINGUNA."

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black compels suimate in six moves.

Game No. 609.

Between our contributor H. Hosmer, Esq., of Chillicothe, Ill., and a strong Amateur of Detroit.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

Attack, Mr. Hosmer.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Mr. Hosmer.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..K to his B 2	Q B × Kt
2..P-K B 4	K B-B 4	19..K × Q B	Q R-Q sq
3..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	20..Q R-Q sq	Castles
4..K B-B 4	Q Kt-B 3	21..P-K Kt 3	Q Kt-Kt 3
5..P-Q B 3	Q-K 2	22..Q Kt-B sq	K-his B sq
6..B P × P	Q P × P	23..P-K R 4	P-K R 4
7..P-Q Kt 4	K B-Kt 3	24..Q Kt-K 2	K Kt-his 5
8..Q B-R 3	K Kt-Q sq	25..Kt-K Kt sq	P-K B 4
9..P-Q Kt 5	K B-B 4	26..Kt-K B 3	P-K B 5
10..Q B × B	Q × Q B	27..Kt-Kt 5	B P × P *dis* +
11..P-Q 3	Q B-Kt 5	28..K × Kt 2d P	K Kt-K 6
12..Q Kt-Q 2	K Kt-B 3	29..Kt-B 7 +	K R × Kt
13..Q Kt-his 3	Q-her Kt 3	30..K B × R	K Kt × R
14..P-Q R 4	Q-K 6 +	31..K R × Kt	Kt-K B 5
15..Q-K 2	Q × Q +	32..K R-Q 2	B × Q P +
16..K × Q	Q Kt-K 3	33..K R × R	Kt × K R
17..P-K R 3 (*a*)	Q Kt-B 5 +	34..P-Q R 5 (*b*)	Kt-K B 5, and

the Defence wins the *partie.*

(*a*) 17..B × Kt would have won a Pawn with the better game.
(*b*) This needlessly loses the game; B × R P would, I think, have drawn it.—*H. H.*

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 36.---Vol. XV.

Played between Messrs. Cook and Strong.

THE BROOKLYN.

Black. Mr. Cook.	White. Mr. Strong.	Black. Mr. Cook.	White. Mr. Strong.
1..10 to 14	23 to 19	14..12 to 19(*d*)	22 to 17
2..11 16	26 23	15..18 23	26 22
3..8 11	19 15	16..23 26	20 16
4..11 18	22 15	17..26 30	22 18
5..7 10	30 26(*a*)	18..30 25	17 13 (*e*)
6..10 19	24 15	19..25 22	15 11
7..4 8	25 22	20..22 15	11 4
8..14 18	23 14	21..2 7	32 28
9..9 25	29 22	22..15 11	31 27
10..5 9	28 24(*b*)	23..7 10	27 24
11..16 19	24 20	24..11 7	24 15
12..9 14	27 23(*c*)	25..10 19	4 8
13..14 18	23 16	26..1 5, and wins.	

(*a*) We prefer 24 to 19. (*b*) 27 to 23 is better. (*c*) Dividing a force already too weak. (*d*) The correct play. (*e*) White has nothing better.

Solution of Position No. 69.--Vol. XV.

BY "CHICAGO BOX."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..17 to 14	10 to 26	3..3 to 8	18 to 22
2..30 14	15 18	4..14	10, and wins.

Solution of Position No. 70.--Vol. XV.

BY I. D. J. S.

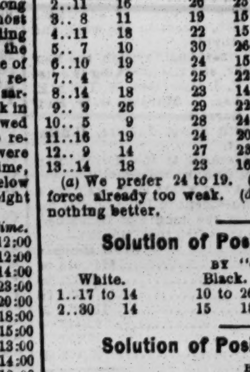
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..17 to 21	11 to 4	2..3 to 7	15 to 10, or 11

Drawn.

Position No. 71, Vol. XV.

BY JABEZ WHEAT, ESQ.

BLACK.



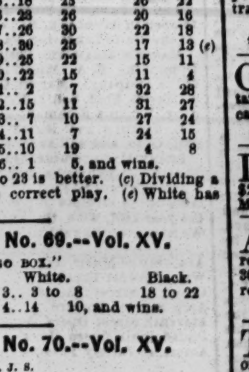
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 72, Vol. XV.

BY BOBBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

HICKEY DEFEATS GREEN.

Those old opponents, William Hickey and R. A. W. Green, respectively champion and ex-champion sculler of Australia, had another contest over the usual course on the Paramatta river, on Oct. 29th, for a stake of £120 laid by the former against £100 of the latter, the men pulling in wager skiffs. Both men appeared in fine form, and at sixteen minutes and a half to five o'clock they dashed away, Hickey slightly leading. Green, however, overhauled him after a few strokes, and at Ryde Wharf he was a boat's-length ahead, pulling out in the middle of the river, whilst Hickey steered close in shore. After passing Ryde Wharf, Green shot over towards the Mill Point, upon which he unfortunately grounded, having at the time a clear lead of two boats'-length. Hickey soon came up and ran the nose of his boat between Green and the shore, but seeing the position of his opponent in time, he backed water and pulled round the stern of Green's boat, and dashed away; Green, as soon as he touched the rock, jumped out of his boat, pushed her off, and was in and away after his opponent in an incredibly short space of time. He was, however, unable to get his feet in the straps again, and was forced to be content with finishing the course about thirty yards astern of Hickey. The flag at the winning point fell at ten minutes and twenty-four seconds past five o'clock, making the time 26 min. 54 sec. against wind and tide. It is to be regretted that Green met with this accident, as it was the general opinion that he had the race all his own way. At the conclusion of the race Green entered a protest against the stakes being paid to Hickey, as the boat which accompanied the latter crossed Green's bow several times.

The protest handed in on behalf of Green was not deemed admissable by the referee, R. Driver, and Mr. Dawson, Green's solicitor, gave formal notice that legal proceedings would be instituted to recover the money. Hickey subsequently publicly stated to Green's backer that he was open to pull him over the same course on the usual terms for £200 a side in five weeks from making the match. It is well known that Hickey, as did his opponent Green, looks askance at the championic honors of England, and in case his fresh challenge to Green was not accepted, he was expected to land in the old country about Jan. 20th, in company with his trainer, Mr. Forster, of Newcastle on Tyne.

BAILEY BEATS GRICE.—The above British boxers, who hail from the neighborhood of Birmingham, Eng., met on Jan. 2d, to fight at catch-weight, for £5 a side. Both men have fought previously, their victories outnumbering the reverses. Bailey weighed 10st., and Grice was a trifle over 11st. The referee and the place of fighting having been previously appointed, and near Sutton Coldfield being the battle-field, at 8:30 A.M. they got together, both being seconded by efficient members of the P. R. The fight requires but trifling description, as, although Grice gained first blood from the beak, and the knock down about the 25th round, he was eventually defeated, after fighting 1h. 35min., 61 rounds

DEATH OF A JOCKEY.—The London press of the 8th inst. contain obituary notices of Alfred Day, the celebrated jockey, who, after a protracted and painful illness, died at his residence near Stockbridge on the 4th inst. He had been gradually declining since he had a fit at the Lincoln Spring meeting last year, and dropsy supervened a couple of months since, which was the immediate cause of his death.

THE FIRST CHAMPION OF THE THAMES.—The first London waterman who attained the honorable title and distinction of Champion of the Thames was Charles Campbell, of Lambeth, a most powerful sculler and thorough waterman, in the strictest sense of the word, who, after a couple of years' servitude as "apprentice to a waterman," entered on board a man of war, where he served for three years; and on the very day of his return to his native waters unwittingly laid the foundation of his future greatness as the original Champion of the Thames. Landing at the Old Swan, London-bridge, with his sea-chest, and to all appearance every inch a sailor, he was not recognised by his brother watermen, but hailing an old friend, named Holmes, to take him up to Lambeth, and depositing his heavy sea-chest in the stern sheets of the old wherry, coolly said, "Sit down, Mr. Holmes, I'll scull her up." Mr. Holmes was by no means willing to give the sculls to a man-of-wars man, as in those days of no steamboats, watermen held a very high opinion of their skill in the trim-built wherry, and were, moreover, chary of their honor when entrusted with the life and transit of a fare. "Sit down aft there, Mr. Holmes," again said the future champion; "this is not the first time I've handled a pair of sculls and won't be the last, I reckon now." It was not, however, until Campbell revealed himself that he was allowed to take the sculls in hand; and so it happened that William Noulton—better known as Paddy Noulton—then in great repute not only as a waterman, but a general in aquatic matters, had just rowed a fare from Westminster to London-bridge, and started back some distance ahead of the Jack Tar and Mr. Holmes. Noulton rowing in a neat and fast wherry, and having neither sea-chest nor sitter to carry, yet had to make such strokes and so many of them to hold his head, that on reaching Lambeth and finding out who it was that had so warmed him, he at once remarked, "Then I must bring him out, for if he can row that old boat and carry a big box and a sitter in the stern as fast as I can my wherry, there's no mistake about his sculling."

CONFIDENCE.—"You say you have confidence in the plaintiff, Mr. Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"State to the Court, if you please, what caused the feeling of confidence."

"Why, you see, sir, there's allers reports 'bout eatin' house men, an' I used to kinder think ——"

"Never mind what you thought—tell us what you know."

"Well, sir, one day I goes down to Cookem's shop, an' sez to the waiter:

'Waiter,' sez I, 'give's a weal pie.'

"Well, sir, proceed."

"Well, just then Mr. Cookem comes up and sez he, 'how are you Mr. Smith, what ye going to hev?'

'Weal pie, sez I.'

"'Good,' sez he; 'I'll take one tu;' so he sets down and eats one of his own weal pies right afore me."

"Did that cause your confidence in him?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; when an eatin' house keeper sets down afore his customers and deliberately eats one of his own weal pies, no man refuses to feel confidence—it shows him to be an honest man."

THE GREAT SIR ASTLEY COOPER said that no human being ought to know from his sensations that he had a stomach or a liver. Let all who would not be painfully reminded of the existence of those organs by dyspepsia and billiousness, fortify and invigorate them with occasional doses of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

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Notice.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

Monday, January 27, 1868.

What with the theatres, music halls, circus, minstrel resorts, skating, masquerade and other balls, and various minor recreations, New York manages to pass the winter quite pleasantly. But the masquerade 's the thing to do. There's great fun at our masquerade balls, where Royal Danes, Ghosts, King Dicks, clowns, fairies, women, and all sorts and sizes, classes and conditions mix and mingle like the numerous ingredients of Mrs. Thurlygood's mince pies, each and all contributing to the seasoning and good or bad of the whole. Its such sport to see how Mrs. Jones the elder, in her mask and domino, is taken for young Julia, and how uncomfortable J. Hawkins Doolittle feels when he discovers the mistake he has made; how Jimmy Tybox escorts through the mazy the gay and fashionable Miss Hathaway of Fifth Avenue, *she* believing that her escort is no other than young Perobeus Jacknite, the only heir to the name and wealth of Perobeus Jacknite, Sr., of the firm of Jacknite & Jones, linen drapers, and how it is only Jimmy Tybox, who hands round the dishes and calls out "plum bo!" at Benson & Tyte's eating saloon; how Mrs. Fitzgig is making love to her own husband in mistake for her husband's *friend;* how L. Gayson Strawbone has his pocket picked of a time keeper by the adorable lily in curls into whose ear he is breathing words of love, and so forth; how the most distressing, at the same time amusing mistakes are made in a single night, bringing many a domestic gentleman into disrepute, and opening the eyes of confiding wives to the awful and naughty doings of their model husbands. Its fun, though, for all. *We* got caught once; did we ever tell you about it? Would you like us to? It was the first masquerade we ever attended. Billy Noble was the cause of our going, 'Tis now some years ago, since we, in Moorish peasant's guise, (as our costumer called it, but which was in reality a cross between a bandit's rig and the clown's well-known disguise) betook ourself to join the giddy throng that turn night into day, and while the hours away in merry dance. Done up in killing style, most stiff at knee and elbow, too, we dared not turn our head lest we should, in the doing so, unfix our goodly shape. The dancers fast were whirling and twirling, while we did plant ourselves in soft repose, and, like a wall-flower, clung unto the outer edge, for ladies had we none. What though the ignorant giggled at our shape, and called our legs broomsticks; what though they uttered "twig his hat!" "O, what a guy," and many other merry jokes, 'twas nought but sheerest envy. Not long had we thus stood in attitude of grace, when on our vision fell a sight that filled our soul with joy, and pierced our loveless heart e'en to the inmost core. Before us stood an angel form attired in Indian clothing; but *such* a squaw! 'Twas our affinity, we felt convinced; so screwing up our courage bold to the standard point, we asked her if her humble slave she'd elevate unto celestial heights by dancing once with us. In accents soft as cooing dove, she kindly said she would. Such a leg! which, peeping 'neath her petticoat, revealed the gem to us, so innocent and so meek. Her eye flashed like a diamond in the noonday's glare, and read us like a book! But *we* cannot describe her. No! even the pen of Squeaky Jim would fail to do her justice, and "Our Fat Contributor" would perish in the sea ere he could paint that lovely creature's charms. She like an Indian danced the while, and all that merry throng turned from their sports to see our Indian Queen. No pigeon wing she cut the while, nor hop-de-dooden-doo'd she; but as the arrow from the bow speeds on like flash of lightning, so she did in the mazy whirl the one who pens these items. But yet her face no one had seen, nor lily hand discovered. She spoke unto us words of love, of ardent, true affection, and we in bliss extatic rolled, and longed to see her mask off. At last the glorious time came round when masks are thrown the face off. The giddy throng kept edging up, and some cried, "soon we'll fun have;" but ne'er thought we at us they smiled, and giggled in their coat sleeves. And now, we thought, that angel's face to us will be disclosed, and we will be the envy, too, of all within the ball room. The clock struck twelve—"masks off," was cried, and all were quick uncovered. There stood our angel Indian girl—and what do you think she was? The most beautiful girl in all that assemblage, even surpassing our great expectations. Oughtn't all you readers to feel cheap, though? You thought we were going to say she was black. Sold again! On the strength of getting you on such a pleasant string, we'll make some rhymes about our charmer of

THE MASQUERADE.

She was pretty, she was sweet,
She was petite and so neat,
You couldn't help your heart at once
Beginning fast to beat;
And, when the music played,
That masked young Indian maid
Set every waistcoat throbbing, at
The Ball and Masquerade.
For she was such a charmer,
We nought could do to harm her.
But among the very first of things
That evening we essayed,
Was to trip the light fantastic with
That pretty Indian maid.

As we observed before
When she was on the floor
To dance with her was the honor then
To which our thoughts did soar;
And not a bit afraid,
We went to her and said:
"May we have but one dance with you
Queen of the Masquerade?"
For she was such a charmer, &c.

Her answer you will guess,
Was simply this, "Oh yes!"
And soon we fiercest kind of love
Made to that Indian dress;
Our heart and fortune laid
Before that Indian maid.
And swore we'd love none other in
The wide world's masquerade.
For she was such a charmer, &c.

At last the hour came
When faces must grow tame
By taking off the masks they wore—
Tis' twelve o'clock we name.
Our longings did not fade
At sight of our sweet maid,
Who was the Indian Princess of
That ball and masquerade.
For she was not a frauder,
And caused us no disorder;
And among the very last of things
That evening we essayed,
Was to hang our hat up in the house
Where dwelt our Indian Maid.

......Now that Charles Dickens has honored the land of Jefferson Bricks and sherry cobblers with his majestic presence and watch chains, and has condescended to accept of many thousands of dollars in return for his services as a delineator of his own imageries, lesser lights are endeavoring to shine as readers, stamp pocketers and stump orators. Mrs. Yelverton, we are sorry to say, read to small and unappreciative audiences. Not intimidated by the host of readers in the field, we are promised Mrs. Fanny Kemble, of tragic repute, and Dumas *pere*, of Meken ditto. We would suggest to that very prolific writer, M. Dumas, the idea of writing a new romance, entitled "Murmurings of Mazeppa," and reading it, with illustrations, *tableaux vivants*, etc. It would draw like a free lunch. But whether the readers be successful or not, come on, come and welcome; come on, and read on! If you can stand it, why we can; but please bear in mind that all tastes are not alike; different people like different authors, as you will see by perusing the following lines which "Our Jim," noticing our enfeebled condition, has been turning out by the aid of our skilful machine:

ALL ABOUT READERS.

Since Dickens brought the *furore* on,
The greatest public need
Is reading; so the public like
To hear extracts from "Reade;"
And they are so exacting, too,
And on one point so sore—
The point of having money's worth—
They must have "Reade" and "Moore.

All ladies of the strictest kind
These readings often call up,
But they who worth to virtue pay,
Want none that's by "A. Trollope."
Just give them some with marriage in
And there they all will tarry at;
And so, though rough the road may be,
They'll go where there's a "Marry-att."

The Bulls and Bears in coining stamps
(That's making each an old smith)
Do never go to readings till
They know they'll hear of "Goldsmith."
The *ennuied* people go to hear
Those who've the reader's gift,
Because with them, though time goes slow,
'Twill often there be "Swift."

The epicure goes to these shows
'Cause he a feast does make on
Favored pieces, just dished up
From "Hogg," "Lamb," "Crabbe" and "Bacon,"
In truth to touch on all these things—
Their readings and their pickin's—
Must raise—what their great starter is—
In fact, the very Dickens.

W. R. Hayden, late juvenile man at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., is now recovering from a very severe attack of sickness, at 131 West 24th street, this city.

In Town.—D. G. Waldron, agent of the Alleghanians, vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, was in town last week. The troupe are compelled to lay up a few weeks, owing to sickness of one of the company.

"Pickwick Papers," a dramatization of Dickens' novel of that name, by Augustin Daly, was produced at the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre on Jan. 22d. A piece that commenced at eight o'clock and did not terminate until after twelve, may be fairly considered susceptible of being improved by judicious curtailment of the dialogue. The writing is at times smart and epigrammatic, but it occasionally retards the action and impedes what interest is felt in the progress of the play. The patience of the audience was severely tested by long waits between the acts, but the inconveniences of a first night were fairly understood to be of only temporary continuance on both sides the footlights. Mr. Daly's practical acquaintance with the stage and its resources renders his treatment of sensational scenes peculiarly happy, and some of his local pieces will long be popular; but his latest production is not destined to a protracted dramatic existence. The acting in some instances was very good. Harry Byner made a capital Pickwick, both in make-up and action. C. Peters' Tupman was not a satisfactory impersonation. W. Carlton, the Irish comedian, who was expressly engaged for Winkle, appeared to a decided disadvantage, but his singing at "Bob Sawyer's Party" was most deservedly *encored*. John Mortimer was cast for the *role* of Jingle, but as he "got in the weaving way" the night previous and refused to play in "Under the Gaslight" on Jan. 21st, Mr. Studley appeared as Jingle. The cause of Mr. Mortimer's non-appearance is explained as follows:—After Mr. Mortimer had gotten "up" in the *role* of Jingle, the management, fearing that he might disappoint them, told Geo. Clarke to be ready for the part, which came to the ears of Mr. Mortimer. He then refused to go on for Snorkey in "Under the Gaslight" on Jan. 21st until he got his night's salary in advance, which was refused him, so Mr. Lingard had to play the part. We should think that managers had been trifled with by this gentleman long enough, and it is their own fault, for they should refuse to engage him until he reforms. Although the part was not in his line, yet Mr. Studley did very well, considering the short time he had to study it. Charley Parsloe's Sam Weller was the life of the whole piece. He carried off the honors of the evening. E. Varrey as Tony Weller, Celia Logan as Arabella, Mrs. Byner as Rachel, Mrs. Davey as Miss Nupkins, and Mrs. Wright as Mrs. Bardell, were respectively good. Jenny Worrell played Mary very well, and sang a sneezing song.

The Transformation Scene in the "White Fawn" was revealed to the public at Niblo's for the first time on Monday evening, Jan. 20th, and the house was densely crowded. The numerous and gifted writers of romance and fiction have painted many vivid scenes, many gorgeous representations of "fairy land," with its elves, its genii, and its ogres. Perhaps on no former occasion has there been presented in this city anything to equal the grand and imposing spectacle now put forward at this establishment. The cost of getting it up must be immense; and those who remember the transformation scene in the "Black Crook" will receive a glimmering idea of the gorgeous character of this scene. The third act was over at half past eleven, when the curtain dropped and the entire stage set for the transformation, omitting the pantomime, and after a wait of twenty-five minutes the transformation commenced and it took twelve minutes to reveal it. It was received with the wildest enthusiasm and pronounced the finest thing of its kind ever seen in this country. All the *gold foiling* done in this scene—and there is considerable of it—was by Mr. Getz, son of Chas. Getz, of Baltimore, and he is deserving of great praise for the artistic manner in which he has executed it. Mr. Marston, the London scenic artist, painted the scene, but could not do the foiling. Mr. Benedict, the property man, is also deserving of a favorable notice for the artistic manner in which he has gotten up the properties. This gentleman showed what he could do in the "Black Crook." He has also made all the properties for the same piece, to be produced in Boston this week. Although quite a young man, he is possessed of considerable ability as a property man, who is one of the most important personages about a theatre. Business continued very good the past week, and the performance terminates now at quarter past eleven.

The Hanlon Combination continue their engagement at the Theatre Comique, where they played to a succession of good houses the past week. The only novelty offered was the Spiral Mountain, performed by Ethardo, quite a lad, who did the act equal to one of the Buislays, who was the original in this country. The frame is brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom, and is very effective when the lights in the auditorium are darkened. The pantomime, which terminated the evening's amusement, was very cleverly performed by the company, with the three Hanlon Brothers in the principal *roles*. The act called the "Three Flying Men of the Air," performed by the Hanlon Brothers, continues to astonish every one who witnesses it. These artists have won a world-wide reputation, and may console themselves with the reflection that they have introduced new notions of the perfection of which the science of gymnastics and acrobatics is susceptible. This week there will be an entire change in the programme, introducing some of the most startling as well as novel performances yet given by them.

George Thompson and Sam Collyer were among the principal attractions at Tony Pastor's Opera House last week. George Thompson appeared in a comic drama, entitled "New York to Constantinople," in which he represented a Dutchman and afterwards a monkey. The drama was quite a laughable affair, and was well received. In the olio business, Johnny Wild and Billy Sheppard appeared as the White Fawns. Addie Le Brun has become a great favorite at this establishment. She is a very pleasing vocalist and a most excellent actress. Jennie Eagan, with her skipping rope dance, is one of the features in the Terpsichorean department. Sam Collyer and his boys did a tripple clog dance, and Sam performed with the Indian clubs.

The Equestrian Performances given by the New York Circus Company continue to be well received by appreciative audiences. The performances of El Nino Eddie on the rope, as well as his riding, are very much liked. The Denzer Brothers are very clever in their gymnastic and acrobatic exercises, so are the Bunnells family. The pantomime of "Love in a Barrel" was performed last week, with Charley Sherwood as the Farmer. This is a new line of business lately adopted by Charley, and he gets along remarkably well. This week the equestrian pantomime of "Don Quixote" is to be presented, together with the regular equestrian performances in the circle.

Arrived Home.—The Hanlon brothers—Thomas, Fred, and Eddie—arrived in this city from Europe on the 23d inst. Delmon Grace returned from England on the same day. W. H. Smith, of Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels, San Francisco, arrived here on the 22d.

Lafayette W. Seavey, the scenic artist, left this city on the 25th inst., direct for Paris. From thence he goes to London. For his address while there see advertisement in the Clipper.

The Troupe of Japanese known as the "Hah-yah-ta-kee" party, lately arrived from Japan and California, opened an engagement at the Academy of Music on Jan. 24. The house was only half full. After a long wait the curtain was raised, discovering the company drawn up in line, consisting of eight men, four women and three children. After some delay in setting the stage for an act which was discovered to be all wrong, the traps were cleared away and more delay occasioned by preparing for the right act, which was that of introducing a child, said to be only five years of age, who balanced upon his feet a drum raised upon a number of small tubs. This he accomplished after several misses It was very cleverly done for one of such tender years. After this there was another long wait, when what is called the "Magic Bridge" was done. This consisted of a ladder about thirty feet long, which was balanced on the shoulders of one of the performers while one of the children went through a variety of gymnastic performances. During this act the one holding the ladder lost control of it, and for a moment quite a shudder ran through the audience, fearful of the child on the ladder, and he was only saved by striking against the back scene, after which the Jap regained his equilibrium and finished the act. A very long wait followed, after which Hah-yah-ta-kee did some top spinning very cleverly, but it was impossible to see what he was doing without an opera glass, as he sat upon a table and was far removed from the audience. He finished this act by balancing upon the sole of his foot a top over five feet in diameter. Another long wait, when a characteristic dance was given by the three ladies. They twisted themselves up into the most uncomfortable positions we ever saw, and their actions put us in mind of one suffering with cramps in the stomach, and at times as if squaring for a set-to. The different acts were accompanied by what is called music, upon banjos, by three ladies and one man. This hideous noise grates terribly upon the ear, and sounds more like a pack of hounds in full cry, or a bevy of Thomas cats at midnight. The last act was called "The Triple Tree Feat," which we will describe. Old Hah-yah-ta-kee lies upon a table, when an artificial tree about nine feet high, with a curved branch about seven feet long, is placed upon his feet. Miss Hah-Yah-ta-kee, a girl about six years old, seats herself at the foot of the tree, which is then placed upon a bird-cage with live canaries inside. This cage is also placed upon a tub, and afterwards an arrangement that looks like an old fashioned umbrella stand, which is poised upon the feet of Hah-Yah-eta, balances the tree in the air. Then the little girl performs a number of feats, such as crawling out to the very end of the branch, which she afterwards stands upon upright and various other feats, which are not only wonderful but decidedly the best thing yet attempted by any troupe of Japs and certainly the best thing done so far by this company. At the close of this act, which was about one half set down in the programme, Isaac C. Pray came forward and stated that the troupe had not had sufficient time for rehearsal, as the directors of the Academy had not informed the troupe that the house was to be occupied on the day of the performance for a Philharmonic rehearsal, consequently the Japs could not rehearse their "machinery." The audience was then dismissed with the promise that the entire programme would be carried out at the *matinee* on January 25th. The fact is, the novelty has died out, and we question if any troupe of Japs, no matter how good they may be, can attract, particularly during the present lull in theatricals. Maguire and Risley's party was the first and they took all the cream.

Bryants' New Minstrel Hall.—This new place of amusement, to be dedicated to negro minstrelsy, which is at present being pushed forward with every possible dispatch, will be opened, it is thought, by the last week in March, or first week in April. It is on the ground-floor of the new Tammany Hall, now being erected on the north side of Fourteenth street, adjoining the Academy of Music. The entrance to the Hall, which is close to the Academy, is gained by four or five steps, and is fifty feet deep and ten feet wide. From the extreme end of this entrance springs a stairway which leads to the dress-circle. At the foot of the stairway is the box office. The auditorium is 52 feet wide by 52 feet deep, and has a parquet and dress circle, with four private boxes, capable of seating in all 900 persons. The seats will consist of benches richly upholstered in plush. The ceiling is 28 feet 10 inches high. The stage is on the east side of the Hall, and is 22 feet deep by 52 feet wide, with three sets of scenes. The dressing-rooms are under the stage, in addition to one each side of the stage. The washing-room, which is under the stage, is being fitted up in good style and for the comfort of the performers. Every other accommodation that is required for the comfort of the troupe has been introduced. It is being finished in the most complete manner, and will, no doubt, be one of the handsomest and best arranged minstrel halls in this country. Dan Bryant and Joe Murphy will have the ends. Some of the best talent that could be found has been secured, and, no doubt, Bryants' Minstrels will become what it once was—one of the best bands in the United States.

The One Hundredth and last performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" takes place at the Olympic on Feb. 1st. It is very seldom that one of Shakespeare's productions has a run of one hundred nights, and it is therefore a pleasure to us to chronicle the fact. It must also be considerable pride to acting manager Clifton W. Tayleure that his efforts to produce a legitimate spectacle in these days of trashy affairs have met with the heartiest approval of the public. Since Manager Tayleure took hold of the affairs of this establishment everything has been done to elevate it to the highest standard, and it is now one of the leading theatres of the city. Next week Maggie Mitchell opens an engagement in "Fanchon," which will be followed by a new piece written expressly for her. She will be supported by J. W. Collier.

Alf Burnett is at present in this city.

Martin L. Finch, the business manager for the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, takes a benefit on Jan. 31st. Among the many attractions offered will be the Hanlon Brothers—Thomas, Fred and Eddie—just arrived from London.

Samuel Colville has arranged for Steinway Hall for the evenings of Feb. 10th, 12th and 13th, and a *matinee* on the 15th, for Jas. E. Murdoch, for readings. Mr. Murdoch is without doubt one of the best readers in the country.

"Joe Kidd, the Champion of the Ring," is the title of a new local drama written by John F. Poole expressly for Tony Pastor's Opera House, to be produced at that establishment this evening and every night during the week. It has been gotten up expressly to introduce Sam Collyer, the light-weight champion of the P. R.—who is at present fulfilling an engagement there—an opportunity to appear to a greater advantage than heretofore on the stage. Sam will appear as Joe Kidd, and give a display of manly exercises, supported by the entire company. Tony Pastor will sing several new songs.

"Under the Gaslight" is revived at the Worrell Sisters' theatre this evening, and is to be played on Wednesday and Friday, with Wm. Carleton as Bafferdi, and Studley in his original character of Byke, lately performed by Welsh Edwards. "Pickwick Papers" is to be given on the off nights.

Lotta opens her engagement at the Broadway Theatre this evening with her performance of the Marchioness and Little Nell, in Brougham's dramatization of Dickens' "Curiosity Shop."

Johnny Allen, Ethiopian comedian, has been in the city the past week, called here from St. Louis by the sickness of his father.

Fanny Morgan Phelps is in town from her Western engagements.

The Banjo is a popular instrument with young America, and many there are who would like to learn how to "finger de masheen." For their information, and to those who would like to add clog and jig dancing to their accomplishments, we would state that J. K. Buckley, of No. 578 Hudson street, N. Y., gives lessons in these branches, and advertises for pupils in another column.

"Great Cry Little Wool."—During the performance of "The Duchesse" at the French Theatre on Saturday afternoon, Jan 25th, smoke was discovered issuing from above the stage. In an instant the cry of fire was heard, and as the house was densely crowded, the consternation that ensued can better be imagined than explained. Tony Pastor and T. G. Riggs, who happened to be seated near the stage, jumped upon it, Tony just in time to save a young lady, who threw herself from the upper private box. Mr. Riggs, learning that the cause of the smoke was the lighting of a fire in a room over the stage, announced that fact to the audience, and order was soon restored. On retiring from the theatre, Mr. Riggs was informed by the doorkeeper that there was a check at the box office for him. Mr. Riggs is deserving of all praise for the coolness manifested on the occasion, and many a one can thank him for their present safe condition, as the exits from this theatre are such that in a rush as is occasioned by a cry of fire, progress is made very slowly, and many a leg or arm would be broken.

Prof. J. H. Warwick has established a dramatic college in this city. For precise address see advertisement.

Acting Plays of different titles are published by and may be procured of R. M. De Witt, No. 13 Frankfort street, this city. See advertisement in the Clipper for additional particulars.

The Dobson Brothers are manufacturers of and performers on the banjo, and both sell and give lessons on that instrument. Among their pupils, Lotta, now performing at the Broadway Theatre, stands in the front rank, as will be seen by advertisements.

Frank Rivers & Co. the well known dramatic agents of No. 13 West Houston street, this city, issue their weekly bulletin in the advertising columns of the Clipper. As said bulletin contains matter of great interest to the profession generally, they should not fail to peruse the same.

A Regular Variety Progamme is offered the patrons of Butler's American Theatre for the current week, introducing the established favorites in their specialties. All the novelties of the day are presented in rapid succession, and the efforts of all to please meet with encouragement from the public.

Messrs. Lowell and Simmonds are already established among the dramatic agents of this city and elsewhere. In this issue of the Clipper they have a number of advertisements relating to their business. They are the authorized agents for the Hanlon Brothers—left wing—just returned from Europe, and have the sole right of disposing of the "White Fawn" to managers who may wish to produce it throughout the country.

The San Francisco Minstrels are numbered among the most attractive and pleasing attractions in the city. Night after night they hold forth to appreciative audiences, who go away highly amused with the evening's entertainment offered for their amusement. A host of good things are announced for this week, including an act called "Little Nell and the Marchioness," in which Bobby Newcomb will play Little Nell, and Backus, Grandfather Dickens.

The Fifth Avenue Theatre is advertised as to be let, in another column.

Kelly and Leon's Minstrels continue to enjoy their hard earned reputation as being among the best entertainers in burnt cork seen in this city for some time. New faces and new acts are being constantly brought forward by the managers, and their efforts to please meet with the approbation of the public, who crowd their hall every night, and laugh over the eccentricities of those who drive dull care away.

Sam Collyer has organized a party for the purpose of visiting the surrounding cities, and will start out at the conclusion of his present engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House. He will have some first-class talent in the party, including his three pupils, Masters Dan, Eddy and Steve. As there is considerable curiosity to see the light-weight champion, he will no doubt do well.

Helene Smith, a lady who enjoys considerable reputation in this city as a *danseuse*, and who was the recognized favorite at the Eighth Avenue Opera House, takes a benefit on Jan. 29th, when a host of volunteer talent will appear, including George Winship, George Warren, Florence Wells, Bob Smith, Viro Farrand, and others.

Dramatic.

Oh! for Cincinnati, O.—L. Deagle, lessee and manager of the Fourth Street Theatre in Porkopolis, is in want of ladies and gentlemen of ability and a property man. Parties should make application to T. A. Dow, acting manager, as per advertisement.

Ellsworth and Murray's Dramatic Company closed in Janesville, Wis., on Jan. 2d. Helen Western, who was the star attraction of the company, remained in Janesville confined to her room with sickness.

T. E. Mills' Company opened in Oshkosh, Wis., on Jan. 14, with John Denier as one of its features. They were to remain six nights, and go thence to Fond du Lac for two weeks.

Jos. T. Fannin & Co.'s Dramatique Troupe was advertised to open in Allentown, Pa., on Jan. 16th, to remain one week, and go thence to Lancaster, Pa., for six nights.

Mason's Dramatic Company is traveling through the New Dominion. E. A. Mason is manager, and the following is a list of the company:—Marion Clifton, T. J. Daly, Geo. W. Tyler, E. A. Mason, Fred. Salter, H. B. Lampee, T. Murphy, R. W. Sudaby, Virginia Richmond and Mrs. Barrett.

L. Deagle has leased the Fourth Street Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, and will shortly reopen it.

Frank Mayo commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., on Jan. 20th, in "Hamlet."

Amusements in Philadelphia.—A few weeks since we gave a table of the receipts of places of amusement in Philadelphia for the year 1867, with the exception of the month of December. We now give the returns complete, *including* that month:—

	Gross Receipts.
Academy of Music	$116,616 00
Walnut Street Theatre	155,022 00
Chestnut Street Theatre	115,032 00
Arch Street Theatre	112,097 25
Eleventh Street Opera House	72,449 00
Philadelphia Opera House	13,793 10
American Variety Theatre	35,136 90
Total	$620,145 35

James E. Sheridan's Combination Dramatic Company, who have been on an Eastern tour, will open shortly at Fulton, N. Y., for two nights, producing "Fanchon" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and go thence to Oswego for one week, when the young Irish comedian, Mr. Henry R. Howell, will make his first appearance in that city as Shaun the Post in "Arrah Na Pogue," supported by the young comedienne, Miss Julia Warren and others.

A First Old Man and character actor, one who is not addicted to the practice of drowning his wits by resorting to the whiskey cup is wanted by Messrs. Wilson & Clarke, for their provincial theatre company. See advertisement to that effect elsewhere.

Hattie De Lee comedienne, is to shine as a star in the character of Fanchon, Feb. 3d, at the Williamsburgh Opera House, to be followed on other nights, we understand, by other pieces. As Hattie is a rising star the Williamsburghers should not fail to witness the twinklings of her genius.

Odd Fellows' Hall, Lexington, Ky., the only place there for theatrical exhibitions, has recently been leased for a number of years by J. D. Pollard and R. D. Mahone. The whole interior of the building in the coming spring, says a correspondent, "will be remodeled and fitted up in the handsomest style from a draft by the architect of Pike's Opera House at Cincinnati, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire some time ago. As it now stands it is quite a cozy little theatre, with scenery and appointments well calculated to produce, with a good company very respectably almost any play in the range of the drama, even horse tragedy on a small scale. But when Messrs. Pollard & Co. get through with remodeling, it will doubtless be a charming resort for pleasure seekers. Mr. Pollard has had considerable experience in theatrical matters, being somewhat of an actor himself, and therefore understands exactly what ought to be done."

J. M. Ward, Irish comedian, closed his engagement at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on Jan. 11th. Mrs. Gladstane opened there on Jan. 13th, and in consequence of the severe storm had a poor house. Says a correspondent:—"The house continued light during the week up to date (Jan. 17th). She has appeared in 'Leah the Forsaken,' in 'Masks and Faces' and in 'Plot and Passion.' To-night (17th), she plays 'Elizabeth,' and to-morrow night Lady Macbeth, with Geo. Chaplin as Macbeth. Mrs. Gladstane played Leah better than Miss Bateman, the so-called great American actress. There is a rumor that Mr. Holmes Grover will follow Mrs. Gladstane. Business is reported bad at Salt Lake City and the Couldocks have left for California. La Belle Oceana left Omaha on Jan. 16th."

Of Theatrical Affairs in California, our San Francisco correspondent advises us under date of Dec. 29th as follows:—"Since my last, we have had a week of great excitement in the theatrical world, caused by the simultaneous appearance of the Webb Sisters and the production of the 'Flying Scud.' Monday, Dec. 23d was the night chosen, and a worse one was never experienced even by the renowned forty-niners. It rained, it hailed, and it blew a perfect hurricane, but still there was a grand assemblage at both houses, the 'Flying Scud' taking the lead at the start, but after the first heat the double team proved their ability to outstep their antagonist, and now, after a six nights' race, have completely distanced the 'Scud' and have the course entirely to themselves. On Monday evening the bill consisted of the 'Foster Sisters' and 'A Day Too Late,' in which Emma and Ada Webb appeared, and before the evening was half spent they had become the pets of their audience, and have held the whip hand ever since. To-morrow they will produce the 'Mother's Dying Child,' and on the 1st of January, will, by desire, appear in 'Fanchon,' cast to the full strength of the very admirable company now engaged at the Opera House, including such names as Mrs. Judah, Sophie Edwin, Ellen Tracy, John McCullough, Beatty, Anderson and Harry Jackson. Since the first night the houses have been crowded to overflowing, and the *matinee* on Saturday was a perfect ovation. They will remain here about four months. The 'Flying Scud' has not proved so successful as was anticipated, owing in part to the piece being too English in its tone, and partly to the very strong counter attraction. I am told that the comedy of 'Sam' will take the place of the 'Scud' in a few days......The New Temple of Music, opened about three months since with a party of minstrels, has not proved a success, and in order to bolster it up the management have introduced the Ghost Illusion and a burlesque on the 'Bohemian Girl;' still the houses are not what the treasurer would like to see.......The Italian opera season, which was to have been, came to grief after the second night, there being no money in the treasury to meet current expenses. There have been two benefits announced to help the employees, but both were still born, owing to a lack of patronage......At the Olympic business continues good, Kitty O'Neil and Joe Williams being the meteoric lights that attract Young Frisco......Report says we are to have Parepa Rosa in about six weeks The same authority also gives us a new theatre and another music hall within ninety days ......Fanny Young, who made such a dreadful *fiasco* here, has repeated it in Sacramento, where she opened on Christmas night in 'Rum-ti-foozle.' She is a clever actress, but why she will persist in playing such a trashy piece is beyond my conception......Piper's Opera House, Virginia City is doing a fine business with a very strong music hall company......As New York is badly in want of a leading woman, I would advise Wallack to send here and secure Mrs. Harry Jackson. She is a better actress than I ever saw in the stock either in America or Europe......Harry Courtaine, the most versatile actor here, talks of visiting New York next season......Dave Anderson, at present leading old man at the Opera House, talks of retiring next spring and taking a pleasure trip through Europe. ......John Wilson has been heard from since his arrival in India; he has authorized his agents here to build for him a first class theatre, to be ready for next season; his new equestrian troupe opened in Bombay with great success. His operatic company, consisting of the sisters Dashwood, Maurice de Solis, and the famous infant tenor, Master Raphael de Solis, were announced to appear early in December, in one of Offenbach's popular operas."

"Six Months Ago," a comedietta, has just been published by R. M. DeWitt, of this city.

Miss Fanny B. Price will commence a two weeks' engagement at Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 3d.

The Receipts of the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the year 1867 were as follows:—January, $6,166; February, $10,015; March, $9,299; April, $10,825; May, $12,535; June, $3,674; July, not open; August, $1,484; September, $7,052; October, $13,273; November, 7,726; December, $6,328; total, $88,195; total amount of tax, $1,769.90. The receipts for 1866 were $71,929.

"Undine," with J. O. Sefton's costumes, scenery, properties, etc., was performed all last week at the Williamsburgh Opera House

"Arrah Na Pogue" was announced for production at the Galveston (Texas) Theatre on Jan. 13th.

The receipts of the different theatres in Boston for the month of December were as follows:—Boston Theatre, $29,935; Selwyn's, $27,500; Comique, $16,175; Museum, $15,469; Opera House, $8,147; Howard Athenæum, $6,904; Continental, $6,767.

Of Washington, D. C., Theatricals, we are advised up to Jan. 24 by our correspondent "Novice," who says:—"Brougham's late production of the 'Lottery of Life,' as given at the National Theatre, has produced a genuine sensation, and drawn fair houses. The Ute Indians, from the Rocky Mountains, attended on Jan. 16 h, in their war dress, with Gov. Hunt, of Colorado, and Major Oaks, their agent. One or two changes were made in the programme. Mr. Nicholl doing a clog dance instead of Mr. Cline giving a ballad, and Eph Horn appearing in the Railroad Act instead of the worn out speech of Woman's Rights. The piece was withdrawn on Jan. 22d, and on the following evening the comedy of the 'Serious Family' and the farce of 'Mr. and Mrs. Peter White' were offered. The 'Grand Duchess' will be given at the National Theatre on Jan. 27th, and remain the entire week......At Wall's Opera House, the Wallack and Davenport Combination has been meeting with but fair success. The 'Rivals,' with an excellent distribution of characters, was given on Jan. 17th, and on the evening following 'Othello' enjoyed a representation. On Jan. 21th the drama of 'Oliver Twist' was produced, after many careful rehearsals, and placed upon the stage in an appropriate manner. The cast is as follows:—Fagin, J. W. Wallack; Bill Sykes, E. L. Davenport; Oliver Twist, Miss Frank Monell: Bumble, T. Placide; Dodger, W. Barron, and Nancy Sykes Emily Mestayer. J. W. Wallack has been identified with the part of Fagin for some time, and his rendition of the character is always enjoyed by his many admirers in this city. Mr. Wallack in many characters is very good. Bill Sykes was never personated better in this city than by E. L. Davenport. His rendition of the part is striking, original and effective. Emily Mestayer gave a good Nancy, and the humorous part of Bumble was cleverly represented by T. Placide. The play is being given nightly, and there is at present no sign of its being withdrawn."

At the Mobile (Ala.) Theatre John E. McDonough's "Black Crook" opened Jan. 15th to an overflowing house, and business continued good during the remainder of the week. Our correspondent says:—"The scenery and mechanical effects in some respects are very good, but there is plenty of room for improvement. In the second scene, on its first representation, there was a dead lock, caused by Miss Estelle not knowing her part, which caused a painful impression for a few minutes, but otherwise everything passed off admirably, with Oliver B. Doud as Rodolphe, Wm. Petrie as Hertzog, W. P. Sheldon as Greppo, C. Norris as Count, Blanche Bradshaw as Amina, Lotta Howland as Carline, and Kate Estelle as Stalacta. But the most decided hits were made by Mrs. Bradshaw as Barbara and Mark Brooks as Puffengruntz. The 'Crook' will hold the boards for two weeks longer. On Jan. 14th, during the close of the theatre to make preparations for the 'Crook,' the company took the benefit of it by having a fancy dress ball at the Goff House, which went off with great *eclat*. The theatre orchestra furnished the music for the occasion."

Mlle. Marietta Ravel opened at the Rochester, N. Y., Opera House on the 20th ult., to the fullest house there since the "Black Crook" was shelved, and met with a warm reception. The daily *Union and Advertiser* of the 21st, alluding thereto, says:—"Mlle. Ravel made her first appearance of the season at the Opera House last night, and drew a fine audience. It was the first large house since the time of the 'Black Crook.' As a pantomimist and a *danseuse* Mlle. Ravel has fairly won the fame she enjoys. Her presentation of the French Spy was a fine piece of acting, and only one combining the peculiar qualities that she has can sustain the part. Her muscular powers are wonderful indeed, as shown in the terrific broad-sword combat with Mr. Connolly, who, by the way, is a fine young actor. No combat like this was ever seen on the stage. The audience were delighted, and at the close of the second act Mlle. Ravel was called before the curtain and politely thanked the audience for their kindness. The 'French Spy' will be repeated to-night. She is to commence a week's engagement at Albany, N. Y., on Feb. 3d."

The Florences were playing at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., the past week.

"Undine" was produced at the Academy of Music, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Jan. 20th.

A Dramatic Company under the management of R. McWade and Sam Simonds performed at Yonkers, N. Y., on Jan. 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th. The first night "Richard the Third" was performed in Dutch, with McWade as Captain of the Sour Krout Brigade. The second night "Temptation" and "Irish Tutor" were performed.

Stetson and Sexton's Dramatic Company opened in Bath, N. Y., on Jan. 21st, for six nights, and go thence to Hornellsville. The company embraces the following: J. Carner, E. T. Stetson, James Smith, W. Stevens, W. Jones, Marion Somers, C. Crampton, J. Morton, Ella Wren Nesbitt, Fred. Brink, Martha Wren, Frank S. Dovey, Joey Parffey and F. Ward.

The Receipts of the places of amusement in San Francisco, Cal., for the month of November were as follows:—Metropolitan, $10,441; Maguire's, $9,836; Olympic, $6,279; American, $2,912; Anatomical Museum, $1,119; Platt's Hall (Bryant & Murphy) $5,753; Congress Hall (Leslie, Raynor & Smith), $12,606; National (Chinese) Theatre, $6,199; Bella Union, $3,379; total, $58,524. The receipts at the Metropolitan included seven nights and two matinees under the present management, the season having commenced Nov. 23d. The other houses named were open the whole month, excepting the American Theatre and Platt's Hall, in which occasional performances were given.

Kate Lynch, late of Sacramento, Cal., and a sister of Maggie Lynch, made her *debut* in San Francisco on Dec. 16th, as Jenny, in "Our Village," at the Opera House.

The "Flying Scud" was a failure in San Francisco, Cal.

Jenny Arnot, well known as one of the Marsh Troupe, was recently married in Victoria to a gentleman in business in that city.

Mr. Marsh, of the Marsh Troupe, has been playing at the Theatre Royal, Victoria.

Emma Maddern, a lady who has been off the stage for some months, studying, preparatory to commencing a star engagement with several new pieces written expressly for her by Charles Gaylor and other authors, makes her *rentree* at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on February 10th, for a brief star engagement, after which she will travel through the eastern country with a well selected dramatic company, under the direction of a popular manager.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers is the current star at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, opening in the pastoral drama of "Dora."

Theatricals in Philadelphia, like nearly everything else in that quiet city, are dull and unprofitable. The ball season is at its height, and this has a tendency to depress other amusements. Aside from this, however, there are thousands of men out of employment, and the first thing in such an emergency is to cut off the luxuries and endeavor to eke out enough to procure the necessaries of life......John Owens, one of the best comedians of the day, opened an engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre on Monday evening, January 20th, but thus far his performances have not attracted such audiences as his merits deserve. He will bring his term to a close on February 1st, and will be followed on the 3d by the Mikado troupe of Japanese, for six nights. They will be succeeded on the 10th by the "Flying Scud."......Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are doing fairly at the Walnut, but this double team are not attracting such houses as John Brougham attracted at this same establishment a short time ago. Of all the Irish comedians that visit the City of Brotherly Love, John Brougham seems to be the greatest favorite......Lady Don's engagement at the Arch terminated on January 25th. We regret to say that, in a pecuniary sense, the Lady has not met with success, on several occasions the audiences being frightfully small and unappreciative. The attraction for the present week is Daly's "Under the Gaslight," which proved so successful at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, in New York. We shall not be surprised if this piece makes a hit in Philadelphia, as it is given with a good cast and carefully placed upon the stage. The characters are distributed as follows:—Snorkey, Lewis Baker; Ray Trafford, L. James; Bermudas, R. Craig; Sam, S. Hemple; Justice Bowling, Mr. Wallis; Byke, J. Everly; Signalman at the station, Mr. Billings; Splinter, Mr. Creese; Laura Courtland, Miss Lizzie Price; Pearl, her sister, Mrs. T. A. Creese; Peachblossom, Mrs. Charles Walcot; Old Judas, Mrs. Thayer; Mrs. Vandam, Mrs. H. A. Perry......Charles Dickens, who is careful not to give the Philadelphians too heavy a dose at a time, read two evenings of the past week, the audience on each occasion being very large if not enthusiastic. As a reader, Charles is not liked in Philadelphia, (James E. Murdoch being far ahead of him in that respect), but as an actor he is greatly admired.

Lucille Western played at the Academy of Music, Albany, N. Y., the past week to a good business. Our correspondent, "Arry," says:—"East Lynne" was played four nights to crowded houses, followed by "Oliver Twist" and "Lucretia Borgia," with "East Lynne" at the *matinee*. In the dual character of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, she is deservedly noted. Although enacting that character for an immense number of times, her last representation seems as fresh as though it was the first. Lucille is true to nature, as was shown by her excellent rendition of Nancy Sykes. In this character her rendering of the true yet depraved Nancy was the subject of many an *encore*. The support given her was the subject of much favorable commendation by the press of this city. Carroll as Levison, Chester as Carlyle, with Mrs. LeBrun as Corney, were good. All in all Miss Western's engagement has been one of the best of this season and has proved lucrative, not only to the star but to the manageress......Rumor says that Eliza Newton is to be at Tweddle Hall in three weeks with a selected company for a short stay.

"Under the Gaslight" was presented at the Louisville Theatre on Jan. 20th to a fair house. The whole company is in the cast, and it is said to be put on the stage in good style.

Fanny Janauschek and company was to open at Weisager Hall, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 27th, for three nights.

The dwarf actors, Jean Petit, Jean Piccoli and Kirz Jozy, appear in a dramatic entertainment at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 29th.

Caroline Richings and company appeared in English opera at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 23d, 24th and 25th.

At the Academy of Music, Omaha, Mrs. Gladstane closed her engagement on Jan. 25th. The business during the four first evenings of her engagement was rather light. On her benefit night she appeared in "Elizabeth," and made a great hit. Her houses improved greatly, and she played to good business during the rest of her engagement. Our correspondent says:—"On Jan. 18th she appeared as Lady Macbeth, Geo. Chaplin as Macbeth, a character he performed with great ability. Chaplin's Essex is also a fine piece of acting. The 'Seven Sisters' is in preparation, and will shortly be produced."

"The Water Spirit" is in its second week at the Opera House, Williamsburgh, L. I.

Our Boston, Mass., Theatrical Items are up to Jan. 25th, under which date our correspondent "Gobbo" says:—"After a successful week with the old comedies at Selwyn's Theatre, the management produced on Jan. 20th Charles Read's pastoral drama of 'Dora,' and the English burlesque of 'Black Eyed Susan.' The success of both has been absolute, and the theatre has been crowded throughout the week. Mr. Read's drama was presented with great care, and acted admirably throughout. Mrs. Chanfrau had in the part of Dora a *role* peculiarly suited to her, and she performed it with exquisite taste and finish. Mr. Robinson, as the old farmer, a part falling by rights to the old man of the company, was, with the exception of a little exaggeration, excellent. The other characters, by Messrs Daly, Garrison and Miss Anderson, were agreeably sustained. The scenery of the piece was excellent, and the wheat field, in the third act, was represented with no small semblance to nature. The burlesque, in itself a bad one, was carried off with flying colors by the company, who were particularly good in every part. Kitty Blanchard, as William, sang charmingly and danced a sailor's hornpipe. Stuart Robson, as Captain Crosstree, gave us vivid reminiscences of himself two years ago as the comedian of the Philadelphia Arch Street Theatre. His drunken scene and his dance were exceedingly amusing. Mr. Josephs made Dame Hartley sufficiently funny, and Harry Pearson played Dograss with great unction. Miss Cary, as Susan, was pleasing. Some of the music is old and some taken from the 'Grand Duchess.' The Admirals enter after the manner of the three conspirators in Offenbach's Opera, and William presents Susan with the handspike instead of the sabre. The localization of the piece is but clumsily done, however, and the words of the parodies are neither amusing nor refined. The burlesque concludes with the *Cancan*, in which Mr. Robson and Dame Hartley are the features. 'Dora' and 'Black Eyed Susan' will be presented next week. 'Light at Last' is underlined......Maggie Mitchell begins her last week at the Howard on Jan. 27th. 'The Pearl of Savoy' and 'The Little Treasure' were given this week. A complimentary benefit was given to J. B. Rich, the manager, on Jan. 25th. Miss Mitchell and James Collin appeared. The houses have been crowded throughout the week...... 'Hilda' and 'The Silver Spoon' have drawn excellently at the Museum this (last) week......'The Great City' succeeded the 'Duchess' at the Boston Theatre, but proved no attraction. Mr. R. Johnson and Nellie Germon sustained the principal characters satisfactorily. Alfred Howard did a skating act and Mr. Gibbons appeared in some gymnastic feats. The piece is not strongly cast and has no attractive features in the way of new scenery. The "White Fawn" is in active preparation at this house and will be produced in a couple of weeks......The De Pol company of dancers, headed by Mlle. Morlacchi, are creating a *furore* at the Theatre Comique. This troupe appear to much better advantage at this pretty little theatre than they did at the Continental. Mlle. Morlacchi has the support of George W. Smith, one of our very best male dancers. This is announced as their last week. Kate Reignolds begins an engagement next (this) week......"Midsummer Night's Dream" was given throughout the week at the Continental, and with it expires Mr. Whitman's lease. The Continental has not been a success under B. F. Whitman's management, although it started under most favorable auspices. Mr. Whitman has shown no small amount of nerve in the manner in which he produced the "Black Crook" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but his company was not a good one, and manager and actors seemed to be continually at sword points with each other. Mr. Drake, the treasurer, had a benefit on Jan. 21st, and on 23d, Miss Ada Grey, a painstaking young actress called upon her friends as *beneficiaire*. Garland's burlesque company, with Leffingwell, Sol Smith, Jr., Millie Sacket and Blanch Chapman begin at this theatre on Jan. 27th.

"Under the Gaslight" was played at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, the past week, to good houses. The piece was well brought out, and will, it is thought, enjoy a long run.

"Under the Gaslight" was produced at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on January 20. The management, says our correspondent, "went to considerable expense in the production of this piece, and I am glad to be able to congratulate them on the success of their efforts. It has proved one of the greatest dramatic successes of the season. It was placed on the stage in magnificent style, and has attracted, every night the past week, densely crowded audiences The pier and railroad scenes called forth the hearty applause of the spectators. In the pier scene a minstrel performance takes place, such as clog dancing, singing, banjo solos, &c., introducing a half-dozen cloggists. John Davis' personation of Snorkey, a one armed soldier, was an excellent and artistic performance. W. J. Hurley deserves much praise for his representation of Ray Trafford. Mr. Hurley is a recent addition to the company, and will, no doubt, become a favorite with the public. He always does his best to please, and he dresses his characters in good taste. The *role* of Byke was too much for N. S. Leslie, and entirely out of his line. He did not thoroughly understand the character. S. L. Knapp, as the Counsellor, created considerable merriment; his make-up of the 'shyster' was ludicrous in the extreme. J. S. Rooney looked and acted the Judge to the life. I must not forget to mention the excellent manner with which Harry Linden rendered Bermudas. His appearance on the stage was the signal for rapturous applause. J. E. Nugent was acceptable as Sam. The Peanuts of La Petite Georgie—a remarkably talented child, only five years old—elicited well-merited applause. The Laura Cortland of Mary Hill was not altogether a satisfactory performance. Imogene Tracy made a hit as Blossom. Her rendition of the song 'Champagne Charley' was enthusiastically *encored* nightly. Susie Parker interpreted the *role* of Pearl with earnestness and grace, and received an *encore* for her singing. Maggie Parker as Van Dam, and Mrs. John Davis as Old Judas, were both admirable. The scenery and appointments were good and the piece achieved a decided and deserved success. It will hold the boards as long as it will draw."

From St. Louis, Mo., we are advised of theatrical affairs by our correspondent, under date of January 24th, who says:—"At Ben DeBar's, for the past week, Jean Lander and troupe have played to large and fashionable audiences. Thus far she has only appeared as Queen Elizabeth, in which character she has created as great a sensation as did Ristori. During her engagement she will appear as 'Mary Stuart,' 'Medea,' and 'Marie Antoinette'......At the Varieties Theatre, Kate Fisher continues to fair business. On January 20th and 21st she appeared as Mazeppa. Since then 'The Cataract of the Ganges' has been produced in fine style, with Kate Fisher as Zamine. Next (this) week we are to have a short season of Italian and German opera, under the management of Grover and Strakosch, to be followed by the German actress, Fanny Janauscheck, who will open on February 3d."

Sherry's Dramatic Company open in Corry Pa., Jan. 30th.

Forrester's Dramatic Company were at Lyons, N. Y., on Jan. 25th, and performed "Pocahontas" and "The Dumb Belle," with W. K. Lingard as Capt. John Smith, N. C. Forrester as Powhattan, and Mrs. N. C. Forrester as Pocahontas.

"Mazeppa" was produced at the Savannah, (Ga.) Theatre on Jan. 20th, with the following cast:—Abder Kahn, O. B. Collins; Mazeppa, Kate Raymond; Thamar, Colin Stuart; Omeza, Isabel Vane; Drolinski, Harry Clifford; Olinska, Alice Vane; and Zemila, Jenny Clifford. A correspondent says:—"Jenny Clifford looked and acted as charming as ever, while the comical Clifford afforded considerable amusement by his excellent acting. The piece was well put upon the stage and has been attracting good houses. H. B. Gates' 'Black Bess' appeared.

Lucille Western assisted by Robert Meldrum will appear in Buffalo, N. Y., on Jan. 28th......Mrs. James Dickson takes a benefit on Jan. 27th.

We are pleased to learn, as will be his many friends, that the stroke of paralysis which afflicted Mr. W. S. Forrest about a year since, is yielding to care and skillful treatment, and strong hopes are entertained of his speedy and entire recovery.

Garland's Burlesque Company opened at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., Jan. 20th, and played one week to good business, although they had but three pleasant nights during their stay. Our correspondent says:—"During the week were presented 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Too Much for Good Nature,' 'Cin-

derella,' 'Pocahontas,' 'Alladin,' 'Ye Grand Queen Bess' and 'Medea.' The troupe made a decided sensation and the press and public pronounced it the best burlesque company that has ever visited Providence. The funny Leffingwell, the sparkling Millie Sackett, the talented vocalist and actress, Blanche Chapman, the characteristic Eberle, and Sol. Smith, Jr., M. B. Pike, McCloskey and others appeared in the cast each night. Mr. Leffingwell made an impression in his several characters and called back the happy days when he appeared here years ago in the time of Forbes.

Miss Caroline Carson, at present leading lady at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., advertises in the Clipper for an engagement.

Miss Alice Kingsbury, "the Elfin Star," who has rested rather long on the laurels she gathered in California, appears at the Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on February 10th. Messrs. Chandos Fulton and F. G. Maeder, who made the most successful dramatization of "Nobody's Daughter" that has yet been produced, has written for Miss Kingsbury "Jenny Wren, the Dolladressmaker and Her Friends," a serio-comic drama in three acts, suggested by an episode in Mr. Charles Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend."

Circuses.

A "Clemming" Match.—Frank Howes' Circus, at present performing in Louisville, Ky., had a little skirmish on Jan. 17th. A correspondent says:—"Quite a lively little affair occurred here yesterday, in the shape of a free fight between Frank Howes' circus boys and some roughs. The parties representing the circus were Frank Howes, Signor Faranta, Billy Tanner, and Mr. Myers. The fight commenced about the door tender refusing to pass these loafers, who make a practice of dead-heading wherever they go. The first fight resulted in favor of the circus boys, who ran the roughs into the street, but they not feeling satisfied with this, one of the party attacked Billy Vershay, the clown, with a knife, and then threw a tumbler at his head. This started a second fight, and knives, pistols, bricks, spittoons and glasses were used very freely on both sides. Faranta was stabbed in the thigh, and Frank Howes received a cut in the head. The other side got handled very roughly, and blood flowed freely from several cut heads, and a retreat was made by the roughs. A third attack was made a short time after, which resulted as before, the roughs getting the worst of it. Both parties were arrested, and had a trial on Jan. 18th, which resulted in the discharge of the circus boys, and the other parties were fined $15 each and held to bail in $500 each to keep the peace for one year."

George Ross, equestrian, a pupil of James M. Nixon, was married lately, in New Zealand, to the daughter of Major Gen. Kirby, of Nottingham, Eng.

C. L. Fowler, clown and comic vocalist, recently attached to Carroll & Maginley's Circus, advertises in the Clipper for an engagement.

Cooke's Circus, Philadelphia, is now said to be a well conducted establishment, and is possessed of much talent. John Henry Cooke (who dropped his last name at Lent's") appeared for the first time at this establishment on Thursday evening last, and received—an unusual thing in Philadelphia—a triple *encore*. His backward juggling truly displays a wonderful power of balance and skill. "John Henry" is a cousin of the manager, Jas. E. Cooke, who appeared during the week as Rob Roy, receiving much applause for his fine scenic riding. Madame De Berg rode in her usual brave, dashing, graceful style. Burrows, the gymnast, introduced a new act on the swing, which differs from others, and took immensely. He, in company with Burdeau, likewise performed the hat spinning to the intense satisfaction of the little folks. The company, as at present organized, includes James E. Cooke, Madame De Berg, John Henry Cooke, Frank Whittaker, George Batcheller, Charlie Parker, Charles Burrows, Henry Burdeau, Sam Long, Charles Adams, George Derius and Charles Kenyon.

Dan Rice, we hear, is to go with the Forepaugh show the coming season. Will this interfere with Dan's aspirations towards the Presidential chair?

Howe's Amphitheatre, in the old Academy of Music, Louisville, Ky., has "gone bust" for want of patronage.

Harry Hart, whose specialties are clown and Ethiopian comedian, advertises in the Clipper for an engagement.

Sam Rinehart, the well-known leaper and general performer, wishes an engagement for the forthcoming tenting season, as will be seen by advertisement.

Lake's Circus opened in Galveston, Texas, on Jan. 10th, for four days, but business was so good the manager remained a week longer. On Jan. 22d, the company were to pull up stakes for Houston, where they were to remain four days.

Haight and Chambers' Circus closed up its traveling season at Houston, Texas, on Jan. 11th. Some queer stories are told by a correspondent of the treatment the boys received from Haight, as regards their salaries. The Show, it is said, was taken care of by the Sheriff.

Orrin's Circus was, at last advices, all safe in the West Indies. Kate Ormond was with the company, also Ferdinand Tournaire.

Negro Minstrelsy.

Whitmore and Clarke's Minstrels played in Burlington, Vt., Jan. 18th and 20th.

Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels opened in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Jan. 22d, to remain four nights.

Leon's burlesque opera of "Faust," so favorably received the past week at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, in Brooklyn, continues on the bills for the current week. The introduction of a brass band has proved to be novel and attractive, and was received with great applause each evening. In addition to the burlesque a choice selection of minstrelsy will be given.

"The Magic Pearl" is a pearl of great price to the public of Philadelphia, who, for several weeks, have thronged Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels to see and enjoy the pantomime. Lew Simmons, who has made a great hit in his imitation of Dickens and his readings, has become quite a favorite in Philadelphia.

Newcomb's Minstrels continue to do a good business in Cincinnati. They are said to have made a capital hit in their burlesque of "Under the Gaslight," entitled under the "Kerosene Lamp." Johnny Queen, little Willie and the old favorites, Manning, Fox and Rainor, are the principle attractions.

At Fred. Wilson's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., business is said to have been very good the past week. The burlesque of 'Faust' was the attraction. On Jan. 25th Mr. Wilson gave a benefit for the poor of the city. This week J. Clark Wells and young Bobby put in their first appearance, also a burlesque on "Mazeppa," on which occasion the fiery untamed mule, "Ben Butler," will be introduced by his trainer, Fred. Wilson. During the absence of Johnny Allen, Johnny Booker will occupy the end, with Cal Wagner on the opposite.

Music Halls.

Thompson's Varieties, Louisville, Ky., was running the past week with the following company:—the Gilmore Sisters, Edith Whiting, Emma Whiting, Belle De Forest, Belle La Monte, Gus Frank, Billy Gray, Johnny Shay, Toney Harvey, Abijah Couse and Frank Carpenter.

Millie Blair, lady vocalist; Billy Frear and Bobby Parker, cloggists and song and dance men; Johnny Laughlin, general performer; Gip Green, banjoist, and Frank Myers, comic vocalist, were with the Excelsior Combination at Highland, N. Y., on January 28th.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Varieties gave up the ghost on January 18th.

Washington, D. C., is the centre of attraction just now, geographically speaking, and Henze's Variety Theatre is a centre within that centre, and cents are coined there nightly by the sense displayed in giving a sensible programme before a sensitive audience devoid of mere sensation characteristics. By reference to advertisement in another column it will be seen that an incentive is offered for more talent.

The Opera House at Fond du Lac, Wis., is open as a music hall, with Howe and Wood as managers. Harry Amlier, J. Somers, J. Robert, T. Taylor and Maggie Raymond are in the company.

Annie Gibbons and Nellie Howard, double song and dance and cloggists, the only female impersonators of that line of business, continue their engagement at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., where they have become favorites with the audience. Managers wishing to secure their services for limited engagements will find their address in a card elsewhere.

The Alhambra is the name of a place of amusement about being erected on Bush street, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco, for W. H. Smith and Gus Hentz. It is to be a first class variety place, similar to the Alhambra, in London. The lot is 70 feet front by 137½ deep, and has been purchased by Joseph O'Neil from William Shields, the owner of Congress Hall, for $65,000. It is expected to cost $45,000, and will be three stories high. The style of architecture will be of the composite order, bearing a close resemblance to the modern Italian. The first story will be of iron; the remaining two of brick and stucco work. The front will be divided into three sections, the central division being ornamented with an iron rail balcony supporting four Corinthian columns. This will in turn support a second balcony with pilaster columns. There will also be triplet windows in each story of the centre points. The wings will have two mullion windows in each story. On the top of the building will be a balustrade with six pedestals, each surmounted by an urn. The height of the building will be sixty feet. The auditorium is reached by a corridor 54 feet long by 8 feet 6 inches in width, the entrance being in the centre. It will be 30 feet in height, (the same as Platt's Hall), 60 feet deep, with a width of 67 feet, and is designed to afford comfortable accommodation to 1,100 people; the gallery will hold 300 more—1,400 in all. There will also be a gallery reached from the main entrance, with five rows of seats; also twelve private boxes in the rear, and four proscenium boxes—sixteen in all. There will be a private entrance to the boxes, and a corridor surrounding all and communicating with them. The stage will be 40 feet deep by 30 feet in width. The entire theatre will be furnished with all the modern improvements and conveniences. It has been leased for the term of five years, with the privilege of a renewal, to Messrs. Smith and Hentz. Mr. Smith is well known as a pioneer manager, and had charge of the "Varieties," at Maguire's Opera House, some six or eight years ago, and the new theatre will be under his sole control. Mr. Smith is now in this city for the purpose of securing talent.

The Olympic, Mobile, Ala., introduced several novelties during the week ending Jan. 18th, and crowded houses greeted the management. Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, intends traveling with the following company:—Chas. Rivers, J. H. Cummings, C. W. Sullivan, Ned Straight, Lizzie Ellsworth and several others, opening at Selma, Ala., Jan. 27th. During their stay the Olympic will be under the management of Ned Gooding, with the following people:—Will. B. Porter, Mike O'Brien, Ben. Wheeler, M'lle Louisette and several others.......The Mobile Melodeon was to have opened on Monday, Jan. 20th, with Wm. Shelton as proprietor and J. Jacobs as stage manager.

At the Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., the "Buffalo Boys" appeared on January 20th. Clara Burton, Lucy Clifton, Crissie Morrell, Minnie Bainforth, Charley Gardner, George Edeson, J. H. Jefferson, H. W. Williams and T. H. Williams continue in the company. Clark Gibbs has gone to Cleveland, Ohio.

Pony Smith, an old professional, has left the burnt-cork business and is now in charge of a billiard saloon in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Martini Chiriski, well known in the amusement world as a rope-walker, is now a widower, his wife having died in Philadelphia on the 19th ult., of consumption. As rumors of unkindness towards her on his part have been circulated, Martini publishes a card in our advertising columns contradicting the same. Madame Rumor is always too busy, but when a man has lost his wife, we should think she might manage to hold her tongue.

At Millward's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Jo. L. Davis continued with his dogs the past week. Chas. Davis put in an appearance on Jan. 20th, in a song and dance. Billy Chambers and Billy Diamond continued on the ends, with John Colton in the middle. Kate Clare, Millie Henrietta, Lucy Moore and Sallie Wren, are in the company.

Cadwell's Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., is in its third week and doing a fair business. Miss Lizzie La Grange, jig-dancer and general performer, put in a first appearance Jan. 22d, and made a favorable impression. Ida Wallace, Lizzie Wheelan and Frankie Lee will soon appear.

The New American Varieties, Philadelphia, has thus far proved to be one of the best-paying places of amusement in Philadelphia, and since the production of the spectacle "Zozo," a continual run of large audiences has been the result. This spectacle, it should be remarked, has been brought to the notice of the public in the most liberal manner, and far surpasses in custom, etc., similar spectacles at various halls, the transformation scene, especially, being worthy of much commendation. The *ballet* of "La Boquetaire" is on the bills for the present week, in addition to "Zozo" and other attractions.

The Palace Varieties, Cincinnati, produced the past week a burlesque on "Under the Gas Light" and is said to be drawing good houses.

John Denier was the attraction at the Varieties, Fond du Lac, Wis., last week. Julia Drew and Eunace Dunlap, made their *debut*, Jan 20th.

Miscellaneous.

Father Baldwin's "Old Folks" are to give three concerts in Philadelphia, commencing February 3d. This is the same troupe that was in Philadelphia about a year ago, at National Hall, appearing as "Brother Jonathan's Old Folks," but met with little or no encouragement and "came to grief."

Miss Nellie Bean has been delighting the skating fraternity of the drab colored village with her pleasing and graceful evolutions on the ice at the park 31st and Walnut streets.

Carrie Augusta Moore was advertised to appear at the Park, Reading, Pa., on January 21st.

Bullard's "Panorama of New York" was unrolled in Fond du Lac, Wis., on January 15th.

The Miltonian Tableaux (Lewis'), is traveling through Delaware, and opens in Milford on the 4th of February.

Greenwood's "Bunyan Tableaux" was advertised to open in Wilmington, Del., on January 23d.

Herman & Co's Hippodrome occupied Deering Hall, Portland, Me., five nights, commencing January 21st.

McEvoy's Hibernicon closed a week's performance in Deering Hall, Portland, Me., on January 18th.

The City Fathers of Fremont, Ohio, are exemplary "dead heads." The City Council of that place have determined by a vote that no show will be licensed until all the councilmen have been supplied with family tickets.

Professors of Clog Dancing and others should bear in mind that R. Thompson has established a plain and fancy clog manufactory in Pittsburgh, Pa., the precise location of which will be found in our advertising columns.

Music Hall, Hartford, Ct., is being well patronized by lecture, music people and show folk. To rent it, address Wm. Toohy, auctioneer, as per advertisement.

Jim Nastic is one who knows the benefit to health consequent upon plenty of exercise, and acts accordingly. As machinery of various sorts is often found necessary, C. H. Hawkins has humanely and wisely concluded to supply the market, and so advertises in the Clipper.

Wilson Hall, Kokomo, Ind., which has the repute of being one of the best in the State, with a seating capacity of 500 and having a surrounding population of 3,000, may be rented by addressing R. Q. Wilson, as per advertisement.

The Carter Zouaves were billed to perform at Amsterdam, N. Y., on January 27th.

Hard Times.—Showmen are crying "hard times," and many and numerous are the parties who have "gone up" of late. With "That Comical Brown" business is said to be good for the times, but his receipts are twenty-five per cent. less than any previous season for four years. He finished up Vermont at Vergennes on Jan. 21st, and is to take a trip in the northern and eastern part of N. Y. State. His company consists of Wm. Hayward, balladist; E. M. Eustis, and the educated dog, "Scottie," and W. S. Pease, agent.

Father Baldwin's "Old Folks" concert company, under the management of Sanderson, of Baltimore, gave their first performance in Washington, D. C., on Jan. 20th. Emma Shourds, Messrs. Chilcothe and Morris, from Newark, N.J., were recently added to the company.

Rossini's oration of Stabat Mater was given at Metzerott Hall, Washington, D. C., on Jan. 21st, by the operatic combination, under the management of Leonard Grover. A large and fashionable audience filled the hall at the proper time, but it was nearly nine o'clock before the performance commenced, and a number of the artistes announced to appear in the daily prints were not mentioned at all on the programme of the evening, which caused no little dissatisfaction. The Stabat Mater is said to have been finely given.

Magical Apparatus of all Sorts and Sizes, and the most astonishing in contrivance, is imported and manufactured by the Lubin Brothers, who advertise in another column.

The Profession Generally, and circus managers in particular, have long since made the discovery that without a generous display of well executed "wall literature" they cannot hope to meet with success. This being the case, it is important to them to know where to get their work done well, and we therefore take occasion to call attention to the "Great Show Printing House" in Buffalo, N. Y., known as "The Courier," which concern is presided over, and its affairs conducted by Messrs. Warren & Co., whose advertisement appears in another column.

"Bill Tell and His Little Boy" is the title of a new tragic burlesque, which, with songs, dances, and other publications, may be procured of Charles H. Day, as per advertisements in the Clipper.

The Following Lectures occurred at Taylor Hall, Trenton, N. J., to excellent houses:—Mr. De Cordova—subject, "Jilts versus Jilks" on Jan. 20th......Gen. James Rushing—subject, "Trip Across America," Jan. 21st......Col. James Wall—subject, "Constitution," Jan. 23d. This lecture, says a correspondent, was the best of the season, the hall being literally crowded.

The Fusi-Yam Japanese Troupe are traveling through New Jersey and Pennsylvania, under Sam Sharpley's management, with L. M. W. S. Steere, as agent. They are at Paterson and Trenton this week.

Charley Shay's Quincouplexal Troupe played in Milwaukee, Wis., on January 20; Janesville, 21st and 22d; Madison, 23d and 24th; Beloit, 25th; and was to be at Belvidere, Ill., 27th; Rockford, 28th and 29th; Frankfort, 30th, and Dixon 31st.

Horace Greeley lectured on "Self-Made Men," at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on Friday evening, January 24. Horace draws well, and his lectures are a source of information as well as of amusement to his hearers.

The Peak Bell Ringers did a good business at Weisiger Hall, Louisville, Ky. They give, says our correspondent, "one of the best parlor entertainments I have ever seen, their bell and instrumental music being *par excellence*."

Jas. E. Murdoch, the best reader in the country, is to read selections from Dickens and other well-known authors, on Feb. 8th, at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia.

Hassler's Sunday Evening Concerts in Philadelphia have been discontinued, owing to want of patronage or the extremely pious character of the people of that "inland village." His last concert of the Monday afternoon series is announced for Feb. 10.

The Harrison Skating Club, of Philadelphia, presented Miss Carrie Augusta Moore with a gold skate pin at the close of her engagement. Wherever she buckles on her skates she gains the admiration of all.

Charley Shay's Quincouplexal Troupe gave one performance at the Music Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on Jan. 20th, to a fine audience. Our correspondent, "Claude," says:—"The entertainment was a decided success. The juggling by Charley Shay, Carrie Avery's singing, Addie Johnston's dancing, a drum solo by Forbes, violin trio by Hadley, McFarland and Forbes, and last, but not least, the trained dog Fannie, were all most excellent. In fact, the show was one of the best that has visited this city for some time......'Ole Bull,' assisted by Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Polak and Mad. Varian, gave two concerts on Jan. 21st and 22d. The hall was filled each evening. 'Ole Bull' was escorted from the depot to the hotel by a brass band and torch light procession numbering some three hundred citizens."

Prof. Anderson, the wizard, closed his engagement of five nights in Akron, Ohio, on Jan. 24th. He went thence to Mansfield, Ohio.

A Solo Violinist and female harpist and pianist are advertised for in the Clipper by "Musicus."

A First Class Agent is wanted by P. H. Ilda. See advertisement.

Robert Nickel, the magician, appeared at the Institute, Brooklyn, the past week, to good business, under the management of John P. Smith. Next week he appears in Troy, N. Y.

A Panorama and old blocks for poster cuts, are advertised for by H. A. Brown, in another column.

The Carter Zouave Troupe will be at Pittsfield, Mass., on Jan. 28th; Chicopee, 29th; Holyoke, 30th; Northampton, 31st; and Granby, Feb. 1st. Harry Butler joined the party at Amsterdam, N. Y., as agent.

Amateur.

The American Dramatic Association of this city entertained their friends on January 21st, at Dramatic Hall, and performed the "Lady of Lyons" and "Sketches in India." P. J. Healy, as Claude Melnotte; N. J. Synnott, as Beauseant; J. C. Garrett, as Glavis; J. H. Hart, as Colonel Dumas; De Sachia, as Gaspar; Mr. Stockton, as Deschapelles, and Miss Hattie Christie, as the Widow Melnotte, were respectively good.

The Cricket Club of Amateurs, of Grand Rapids, Mich., gave a performance of "Fanchon" in that city on Jan. 20th and 21st. A correspondent sends us the following:—"The cast was as follows:—Fanchon, Miss Frank E. Pierce; Landry, J. E. Earle; Didier, W. H. Howe; Father Barbeaud, P. Newton Fox; Father Caillard, B. A. Harlan; Madelon, Minnie Parks; Fadet, Virginia Parks. Of Miss Pierce it is useless to speak, as she has a considerable celebrity in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and the Canadas, where she has ever delighted fashionable audiences by her readings. Mr. Earle, who had the management, might have devoted considerable more time to study. Mr. Howe was happy in his conception of Didier, making it neither too funny nor too serious. Mr. Fox is deserving of praise as Father Barbeaud. The other characters were well sustained."

The Metamora and N. B. Clark Associations, of this city, are to give a joint performance on Feb. 19th of the "Rent Day" and "Harvest Storm."

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

Stephen Massett, "Jeems Pipes," opened in Masonic Hall, Yokohama, Japan, on Nov. 18th.

French Theatricals.—A Parisian journal says:—"*Tableaux vivants* have taken the place of pictures of life; silk tights suffice where once we used to look for fine thoughts and beautiful poetry. These barely tolerated exhibitions attract and excite the French in their decadence. It is not possible to take a respectable woman or an innocent girl to see them. The modern stage makes a parade of sensualism. The incorruptible souls who refuse to sacrifice morality upon the altar of vile passions are few and far between." The writer should take a look at some of the amusements at present offered us, then he might have cause to write with astonishment about the decline of the legitimate drama.

Professor Risley's Troupe of Japanese, now in England, was to have given their initial performance in that country at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, but the destruction of that edifice by fire, changed the plans of the Professor, and Birmingham was selected for the opening entertainment, of which favorable mention is made by the press of that city, one of the papers giving quite a lengthy description of the performance, and a well-merited eulogium on Professor Risley, and his long connection with athletic performances and acrobatic feats. The original little "All Right" is with the company.

A SOBER FIRST OLD MAN
AND CHARACTER ACTOR,
one who can be depended on, whatever else his faults.
WILSON & CLARKE.
Managers of Provincial Boston Theatre, Lewiston, Me.
Address as above for two weeks—afterwards care of
43-2t* NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager......WM. WHEATLEY
The curtain rises precisely at 7.30, and
the entire Performance terminates at 11 o'clock.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.
HOUSES COMPLETELY CROWDED.
Monday, Jan. 27, 1868, will be presented an entirely new Fairy Spectacular Extravaganza, in prologue and four acts, by James Mortimer, entitled THE WHITE FAWN, in which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
The piece produced with everything new, and after a preparation of many months, at a cost of
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.
Magnificent scenery, costumes and appointments, increased orchestra and full chorus.
THE GRAND BALLET, sustained by Milles. Marie Bonfanti, Louise Billion, A. Sohlke, M. Van Hamme, &c.
Act 4.—Revealing the Bright Realms of the Dragonfly, Marston, an Enchanting Scene of Gorgeous Splendor, Unapproachable in Exquisite Beauty and Fascination.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT ONE O'CLOCK.

WORRELL SISTERS'
NEW YORK THEATRE, 728 BROADWAY.
TWO GREAT SENSATION PLAYS OF THE YEAR.
CHARLES DICKENS' PICKWICK PAPERS.
WITH MR. BOB SAWYER'S LITTLE PARTY, AND THE
GREAT TRIAL, BARDELL vs. PICKWICK.
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY NIGHT and SATURDAY
MATINEE, THE PICKWICK PAPERS.
WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY NIGHT, UNDER THE GASLIGHT,
With its wondrous Railroad, and new incidents, songs, &c.
THE BEAUTIFUL WORRELL SISTERS; the Great CARLTON, with his original Irish songs and dances; J. B. Studley, C. T. Parsloe, C. Peters, G. H. Clarke, Varrey, Ryner, Donnelly, Celia Logan, and all the great company, in their Dickenish Portraitures and Local Characters.
THE GREAT CARLTON AS RAFFERDI,
IN GASLIGHT, and as WINKLE IN PICKWICK.
STUDLEY IN BYKE,
his original part in Gaslight, and as
JINGLE IN PICKWICK.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. Begins at 8.
JAMES E. HAYES......Lessee
GEORGE L. FOX......Stage Manager
CLIFTON W. TAYLEURE......Business Manager
LAST NIGHTS AND LAST MATINEE
of Shakespeare's exquisite Fairy Romance
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
THE 100TH AND FINAL PERFORMANCE
of this memorable production will be given on
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1.
Its retirement is in accordance with a pre-arranged programme and the management treasures with no little pride the high-toned expressions of critical and popular approval which proclaimed its matchless beauty and ennobled its magnificent success.
G. L. FOX......as......Bottom
MISS ROSA COOKE......as......Oberon
Next Saturday afternoon at 1½ o'clock, Last Midsummer Dream Matinee.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3—THE PEERLESS
Miss MAGGIE MITCHELL as FANCHON.
Box sheet opens next Wednesday morning.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
MONDAY, JAN. 27, 1868, engagement of
LOTTA,
The most attractive star of the day,
whose wonderful and characteristic performances have been endorsed by the press and public of the Pacific and Atlantic States, placing her
PAR EXCELLENCE ABOVE ALL OTHER ASPIRANTS.
This gifted Artiste will appear in one of Charles Dickens' most touching and exquisite creations, dramatized by the scholar, John Brougham, from an episode in "The Old Curiosity Shop," entitled
LITTLE NELL
AND THE MARCHIONESS.
LITTLE NELL......LOTTA
THE MARCHIONESS......LOTTA
42-1t

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The Popular Hall of America.

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NIGHT	S	TRAGEDY,	Y	NIGHT
AND	T	OPERAS,	E	AND
SATURDAY	Y	FOUR PEDAL	S	SATURDAY
MATINEE		GYMNASTS,		MATINEE
FOR		IMPORTED		FOR
LADIES		VOTERS.		LADIES
AND	Y	BLACK	P	AND
FAMILIES,	D	FAWNS,	R	FAMILIES,
AT 2½	R	MERRY	I	AT 2½
O'CLOCK.	U	JAKES.	C	O'CLOCK.
	P		E	

The Splendid Company and Orchestra in Novelties.
A GRAND SENSATION IN PREPARATION.

472 BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE,
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Lessee and Manager......R. W. BUTLER
ANOTHER GLORIOUS SUCCESSFUL WEEK.
NIGHTLY THRONGED BY DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
THE GREAT INSTITUTE
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THE STAR TROUPE
will appear.
ORIGINALITY AND VERSATILITY.
A GLORIOUS BILL EVERY NIGHT.
Doors Open at 6. Curtain Rises at 7¾
MATINEE ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

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201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
AN ENTIRELY NEW LOCAL DRAMA,
written expressly for this house, and entitled
JOE KIDD,
THE CHAMPION OF THE RING,
in which the great exponent of the Art Athletique,
Mr. SAM COLLYER,
will appear as the English professional,
JOE KIDD.
Grand Gymnasium Scene, with display of
ATHLETIC SPORTS, MANLY EXERCISES,
TONY PASTOR IN NEW SONGS.
A GLORIOUS VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.
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MATINEES AT 2½,
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
CONTINUAL NOVELTY.
First week of the new
GRAND EQUESTRIAN PANTOMIME,
ENTITLED
DON QUIXOTE;
OR,
THE KNIGHT OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE.
The performances will commence with
A SUPERB EXPOSITION
OF DASHING HORSEMANSHIP
AND CLASSIC OLYMPIC GAMES,
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OF STAR RIDERS AND ACROBATS
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Immense hit of the New Act of IMPUDENCE AND ASSURANCE, by BILLY BIRCH and W. BERNARD. Little Nell and the Marchioness, BOBBY NEWCOMB and CHARLEY BACKUS. WAMBOLD'S New Song. RICE'S Casta Diva. Talent on a Bust. Shadows on the Wall. 43-1t*

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THE ACCOMPLISHED COMEDIENNE,
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over objects, on Elevated Pedestals, etc.
These Artists, three in number, which embrace the principals of GRANT Alliance which appeared with marked success the past summer at the Olympic and French Theatres, can be engaged for two, four or six weeks by applying to their only authorized agents,
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THE SPRITE OF THE FALLS,
AN ENGLISH OPERA,
IN 3 ACTS,
BY EMILE G. SIRRIT, ESQ.
Libretto......by......JAMES M. CARROLL
Founded upon a Legend of Niagara Falls.
DRAMATIS PERSONAE.
Emerald......Sprite of the Falls
Sapphire......Sprite of the Cave of the Winds
Ruby......Sprite of the Cave of the Waters
Opechee......An Indian Captive
Belmont......A French Exile
Voyageures, Boatmen, Nymphs, &c.
This work is highly eulogized by all who have heard it, possessing a world of melody. It combines the beauties of Spectacle as well as Opera, and is endorsed by learned opinions of many professors and admirers of music. The weird-like character of the melodies is compared with Wallace's "Lurline." The undersigned are prepared to reply promptly to all communications upon the subject as the only authorized agents.
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ONE TO THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—Good character and business capacity desired, to undertake the management of an entertainment for which a tour of the United States and Europe is contemplated. A GENTLEMAN OF EDUCATION AND STANDING, BEING WELL KNOWN AS A SUPERIOR LECTURER, HAS ADAPTED A MARKED SPECIALTY, AND CAN OFFER THE HIGHEST CREDENTIALS AND PROOF THAT WITH CAREFUL BUSINESS TACT SUCCESS WILL BE INSURED.
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A COMEDY DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS,
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Copies of this Manuscript Play, which enjoyed a remarkable run at Drury Lane Theatre, London, can be obtained upon
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The scenic effects and situations of this thrilling picture of every day life are remarkable in their intensity.
Stars will find it a valuable acquisition to a repertoire. All the parts fine.
With or without elaborate getting up, "The Great City" carries success with it, so dramatic and effective are its points.
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In conjunction with their newly organized
EUROPEAN COMBINATION TROUPE,
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All business communications must be addressed
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THE WHITE FAWN.
The undersigned hereby give notice that the Spectacular Fairy Extravaganza of the White Fawn has been copyrighted, and that the mechanical effects and scenery have been patented. Any person using the title or any colorable imitation of the play or its effects, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
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Managers desirous of securing the right of production of the White Fawn, as performed at Niblo's, can do so by applying to our authorized agents, LOWELL & SIMMONDS,
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Being out of an engagement, and out of means at the time, I had no recourse but to travel; and even then was only an hour's distance from her. Feeling that under the circumstances the public will not listen to such unkind and untrue intimations,
I am truly yours,
43-1t* MARTINI CHIRISKI.

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LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.
Testimonial Benefit to
MANAGER B. F. DUGAN.
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The nightly divertisements of this thronged resort have been appropriately intensified in comic interests by the engagement of the unrivaled troupe of genuine sable Africans, whose masterly renderings of negro melody, song and sentiment, are the well-earned theme of popular commendation. The troupe appears every evening in characteristic costumes. 22-tf

ANNOUNCING THE COMING
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DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S
GIGANTIC, ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS
MINSTRELS AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE
OF 24 ACKNOWLEDGED STARS,
The only Traveling Troupe recognized by the press and the people as the superiors of all other Bands in existence, amongst whom are prominent, in their large Corps of Popular Talent,
THE GREAT LEWIS BENEDICT,
THE UNEQUALLED BILLY WEST,
THE INCOMPARABLE FRANK KENT,
THE FAMOUS CALIXA LAVALLEE,
THE UNSURPASSABLE WARREN RICHARDS,
THE EXCELSIOR GONSALVO BISHOP,
THE ARTISTIC L. E. HICKS,
And the Wonderful English Champion Double Cloggists,
FRANK PANKHURST AND LEW COLLINS.
All the above great Performers will positively appear each night with the above named Troupe.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ, Manager.
FRANK B. CILLEY, General Agent. 35-tf

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[From the Cincinnati Enquirer—Editorial—January 14]
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C. B. JACK, GENERAL BILL POSTER AND AMUSEMENT ADVERTISER, owner of Bill Boards and Diagram of Brant's Hall, No. 304 Market street, Harrisburg, Pa. Managers, proprietors and agents of Circuses, Panoramas, Concerts, also merchants and others, wishing to advertise in that city, or in want of information, will find it to their interest to send to the above address. All business punctually attended to on reasonable terms.
N. B.—For rent and particulars in relation to Brant's Theatrical and Concert Halls address JOHN H. BRANT. 31-3m*

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MAIN STREET, BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.
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Clown and Comic Singer, can be engaged by responsible managers for the coming tenting season, by addressing
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THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE, BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN

NOTICE.—In consequence of the removal of the PHILADELPHIA LEDGER JOB OFFICE, at which place the GUIDE is being published, its publication is postponed until Jan. 31st, when it will be ready for delivery. All those parties who have ordered the GUIDE to be forwarded to certain points will make a note of this. 42

ALEXANDER LUANDE,
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with his three sons and daughter, viz:—
MARTINHE, NATALO, ABLARDO AND CLARINDA;
ALSO, SEVEN TRAINED HORSES.
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AT McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO, JAN. 13TH,
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OVER $1,000 IN PRIZES!
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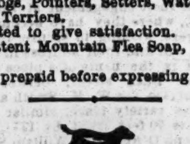
Harry  **Jennings,**
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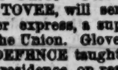
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